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The Week

THE most notable fact about this year's election is the public's apathy. That is the one conclusion which emerges unmistakably from reports of the situation throughout the country. Everywhere, registration of voters has been very light—far lighter than in 1924. Nowhere are the citizens displaying much enthusiasm about either candidates or issues. In state after state, we learn, Senators and Representatives will be elected on unimportant local questions. In many states the real contests were fought in the primaries, and the voters on Nov. 2 will merely ratify their earlier decisions. The World Court is not an issue. The tariff is not an issue except in a few agricultural states, and even in these most of the farmers, instead of wanting the present duties lowered or abolished, are sitting up nights trying to invent some scheme for inviting themselves to the feast now being enjoyed only by the manufacturers.

MR. COOLIDGE has tried, so we are told, to avoid being made an issue in this year's campaign. If this is true, no attention is being paid to his wishes. In Massachusetts Senator Butler is running on a platform the beginning and end of which is, "I am Calvin's little playmate. Fail to elect me and you will break the strong, silent heart in the White House." In New York Jimmie Wadsworth darkly hints that Mr. Coolidge has asked him to come back to Washington for another six years, and who are the voters to disobey a request from such a source? Naturally, the President doesn't take any part in the local campaigns himself. How could he? In one state the Republican fair-haired boys are wet, and in the next they are so dry they would make the Sahara look like something for Gertrude Ederle to swim across. Here they are Ku Klux, and there they are anti. Any President who tried to support all of them at once would dislocate every vertebra he possesses—to say nothing of his conscience. Even so, he has undoubtedly given the orthodoxly regular candidates a sort of furtive, left-handed blessing, to be used only when the Indians are closing in on them and the case looks hopeless.

ASIDE from Mr. Coolidge the only national Republican issue, and it is a weak and wobbly one, is prosperity. Prosperity this year is a local issue. The cotton-growing South is not prosperous. The wheat and corn states are not prosperous. New England is not prosperous. The building trade is believed by insiders to be on the verge of a bad slump. In fact, it almost seems as though prosperity were confined to the manufacturers of luxuries to be sold on the instalment plan. That is one reason for soft-pedaling good times as a campaign issue. Another is that it is dangerous. If a bad slump should suddenly occur before the election, those who had taken the credit would also have to take the blame. Finally, the economic education of the people is progressing. A great many of them now realize that no national administration has in the past created or destroyed prosperity for the country as a whole. It has by legislation taken away from one class or occupation and given to another; but the total sum of business activity has been, broadly speaking, beyond its control. Any-

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one who wants confirmation of this can find it in the historical fact that for the past fifty years the proportions of good and bad times have been precisely the same in all Republican administrations combined as they have been in all Democratic administrations combined.

THE one issue which arouses real excitement is the grand old perennial, prohibition. Nine states, containing one-third of the voters of the country, will have the issue before them in one form or another Nov. 2. In four of them—Illinois, Nevada, New York and Wisconsin—the people will be asked to express a moral judgment on the merits of the Volstead act. The New York referendum is fairly typical. It asks the voters to say whether Congress ought to permit beverages "which are not in fact intoxicating, as determined in accordance with the laws of the respective states." Wisconsin goes further and asks whether Congress should legalize 2.75 percent beer—not to be consumed on the premises where sold. In California, Colorado, Missouri and Montana, state liquor laws are up for repeal, an action taken by New York several years ago. In Oregon, steps are now being taken to bring the subject before the voters in 1928. The official policy of the dry forces is to ignore the tests of public opinion, such as those in New York, Illinois, Nevada and Wisconsin, but to fight hard where repeal of state laws is proposed. Ignore it, hide it, belittle it as you will, prohibition remains the livest political theme in the country.

FROM the Republicans' point of view, the referenda are not the worst of it. They are in danger of losing at least three badly-needed seats in the Senate over the prohibition issue. In Massachusetts David I. Walsh, Democratic candidate, has a thoroughly wet platform; and Massachusetts has a habit of going pro-liquor in the midterm elections, and virtuously dry in Presidential years. Walsh, a popular orator, has a chance to defeat the President's avuncular friend, the tongue-tied William M. Butler. In New York state Senator Jimmie Wadsworth (Rep.) not only has to contend against Judge Rob Wagner of Tammany Hall, but the independent dry Republican candidate, F. W. Cristman of Herkimer, who has a good chance of stealing enough votes from Wadsworth to give the race to the Democrat. A similar situation exists in Illinois, where Hugh Magill, independent Republican, a dry and an opponent of Frank L. Smith's enormous slush fund, is likely to split the party vote and elect the Democratic boss, George Brennan, who is making a spirited fight despite the fact that, owing to an accident, he is forced to do his campaigning by radio from a hospital bed.

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the election in New York state, the Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. Ogden Mills, has by the vigor of his attacks on Tammany and Governor Smith momentarily encouraged his own supporters and disconcerted the Democrats. Both the Governor and his chief defenders are losing their tempers and are accusing Mr. Mills of trying to gain votes by exploiting the ignorance and the credulity of the voters. But in politics a candidate has to adapt his tactics to his situation, and if his situation is desperate, he must invent a desperate remedy. When Mr. Mills accepted the nomination he was, after Governor Smith's previous victories, consenting to take a forlorn chance, which would inevitably become more forlorn if the Governor were allowed to force the fighting. Mr. Mills, consequently, attacked first, and until recently Governor Smith has been so busily occupied in replying to his attacks that he has not pressed his own strategic advantage over his opponent. For the moment, consequently, the Republicans are enjoying an illusion that they are substantially improving their original position.

IT is extremely doubtful, however, whether Mr. Mills's spirited tour de force will in the end gain votes for himself and Senator Wadsworth. He is avoiding the issue in which the people of the state are chiefly interested. On election day their votes will be determined in the first place by their attitude towards prohibition and in the second place by their wish to advance or to check Governor Smith's aspirations for the Democratic Presidential nomination. They have for the most part made up their minds, and they will ignore any attempt to divert their attention. The anti-prohibitionists realize that this New York election is their first chance to discredit prohibition and that if they flunk it, the Volstead act will be fastened on them for the indefinite future. In order to keep the anti-prohibition agitation alive and aggressive, they must build up a big majority both for the wet referendum and for Governor Smith. They will act on this idea without being diverted by Mr. Mills's assaults on Governor Smith and on Tammany. Inasmuch as their attitude toward prohibition will determine their vote, it is deplorable that a discussion of the legal and social questions which the referendum and national prohibition involve does not dominate the campaign. The tendency of the two existing parties to suppress rather than to crystalize important issues is one of the chief reasons for the existing sterility of American politics.

GOVERNOR SMITH is right, we believe, in declaring that the water power issue is the most important economic one, now before the state. Mr. Mills protests against the dangers of "socialism" in state development, urging that under state ownership power production and distribution will be subject to "political" rather than "economic" management. Governor Smith points to the danger of turning over the most important and the only remaining sources of water power in the state to pri-

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vate manufacturing and utility interests. He argues that if public development is socialism, the Republicans are also socialists by favoring nationally the public ownership of the proposed Boulder Dam. The actual management of state-owned and developed power would be vested not in a politician-headed bureau, but in a non-partisan, expert corporation like the New York Port Authority. Who is more to be trusted, a qualified manager working in the interest of private profit, or a qualified manager working in the interest of public welfare? Mr. Mills, though warning against the intrusion of politics into business affairs, is running for a political office and proposes to use the political power which he hopes to obtain in order to increase business profits. Mr. Smith, applying efficient business methods in his political job, proposes to safeguard the economic interests of the people by saving them money and giving them adequate service in power production. What we need is more Smith-like business in politics, and less Mills-like politics in business.

MUCH the most gallant and meritorious demonstration which the fall elections have provoked is the fight which the senior Republican Senator from Nebraska, Mr. Norris, is carrying on against the election of Representative Vare as Senator from Pennsylvania. Mr. Norris has traveled all the way from Nebraska in order to speak in favor of the Democratic nominee, because in his opinion the use of money in order to carry elections, which Mr. Vare notoriously represents, is the gravest evil which now afflicts American politics. He is right, but he will not find any echo of his apprehensions among the Republican leaders and voters of Pennsylvania. They are accustomed to the purchase of elections, and if the Republican machine ceased to use it they would not feel sufficiently sure that good Republicans would win. In this respect Pennsylvania is merely setting the pace for the other states in the Union. As long as the government of the United States is supposed to exist in order to protect and promote business, it is obvious that money will be used in large quantities in order to make sure that elections are not won by the enemies of business. A plutocratic government can no more dispense with the use of money in order to keep itself in power than a Fascist or a Communist dictatorship can dispense with the use of force. Senator Norris's protest, gallant as it is, is almost fantastically futile. All good Republicans are gradually hardening themselves to follow the example of Pennsylvania, which from their point of view has now become the model American commonwealth.

WHEN politicians use statistics, it is time to beware, because most politicians do not know how to safeguard themselves against errors of method or interpretation. We have a right, however, to expect that a man like Secretary Hoover, who is head of the greatest statistical department of the government, and is himself a trained engineer, would use statistics with candor and discretion. Nevertheless, in his New York speech in favor of Senator Wadsworth, in which he stressed Republican prosperity, he committed a gross statistical error—and one, moreover, which he made in 1924 and to which his attention was forcibly called. In order to prove the prosperity of labor, he compared the movement of union wage rates with wholesale prices, arguing that because the former had risen while the latter had fallen during recent years, labor has become better off. Yet the obvious fact is that labor buys not at wholesale but at retail, and any tyro in economics knows that retail prices as represented by an index of the cost of living move in a way quite different from wholesale prices. Also, union wage rates are not a fair index of the earnings of labor in general. If Mr. Hoover used the best figures available, he could prove that, for reasons which economic authorities confess they do not fully know, wage-earners became better off between 1919 and 1923. But we challenge him to prove that there has been any appreciable increase in average real wages between 1923 and 1926, or while Coolidge has been President. Mr. Hoover knowingly used inappropriate statistics because they happened to be the best ones for his argument, and thus proved himself, at least for the occasion, an unprincipled politician rather than a responsible scientist.

NOW that Queen Marie has been safely landed, welcomed, photographed, dined, stared at, and launched upon her triumphal country-wide tour, it is perhaps not rude to inquire why she came. We offer these guesses as speculation purely: (a) to have a good time; (b) to make money; (c) to "sell" her country to America and thereby (d) make it easier for Rumania to borrow money here, and (e) increase the prestige of the kingdom among its Balkan neighbors. Since she is charming, intelligent, shrewd and an advertising genius of the first rank we predict that she will accomplish all of these ends. Paavo Nurmi sent Finnish bonds up several points by coming here and winning a few footraces; think what a genuine, crowned queen can do by going to dinner in Kansas City!

QUEEN MARIE could hardly expect, of course, that her sweet symphony of success would be entirely without discords. Her visit has roused some unpleasant, accurate people to point out that Rumania is one of the most backward countries in Europe; that its government has suppressed all liberties of speech and press; that the treaty of Versailles which virtually doubled the area of Rumania did so by the most ruthless disregard of the wishes of the populations concerned; that several million persons of other races are now living under Rumanian rule with almost complete disregard of their supposed "minority rights" as to schools, use of

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language, etc.; that the Rumanian army has acted in Bessarabia with unexampled cruelty, shooting down hundreds of peasants, some after farcical trials, some after none, and in many cases to the accompaniment of dreadful tortures in the effort to extract confessions of Russian sympathies; (American Minister William S. Culbertson, recently slapped in the face by a Rumanian lieutenant in Bessarabia for not getting out of the way fast enough, has a faint idea of the army's attitude toward civilians); and that several thousand political prisoners are still in jail in Rumania under conditions described by Henri Barbusse and other non-Rumanian investigators as being disgraceful to the last degree. These little matters of course will not distress Queen Marie. She will merely need to smile a little harder, and charm them all out of existence—so far as the American public is concerned.

STALIN has won an important victory in the struggle for control of the Communist party and the Russian government. He has forced the group headed by Trotsky and Zinoviev to publish a formal acknowledgment of error in refusing to abide by an adverse majority decision, and to promise not to undertake such recalcitrance again. The Trotsky group (which includes such important leaders as Kamenev, Radek, Rakovsky, Sokolnikov, Pyatikov and Yevdokinov) still holds its repudiated views; but since it agrees to bow to the opinions of the majority, as Communist party discipline has always demanded, its claws are cut at least for the present. The Stalin clique, which now includes Kalenin, Rykov, Tomsky and Bukharin, is firmly in the saddle. For Russia as a whole this means that no drastic steps will be taken further to "communize" the peasant, who will instead be conciliated; that a muffler will be put on efforts to start revolutions in western European countries and America; that the drift toward state capitalism will be accentuated, and that Russia will seek harmonious relations with the western world such as are consonant with the development of peace, prosperity and international trade.

MR. AUGUST HECKSCHER is the latest of the long list of men who have come forward with plans to do away with slums. His scheme has received wide attention, largely, we suspect, because Mr. Heckscher is a very rich man, and the American credo says that anyone with great wealth must also have great wisdom. His modest notion calls for the purchase and destruction of large numbers of New York tenements, and the substitution of model "garden apartments." He wants half a billion dollars for this purpose in the next five years. Of this sum he proposes that one-half be obtained from public sources and the other half from philanthropists, of whom he hopes to find 500 each of whom is willto give $100,000 every year for five years. The garden apartments when built would be rented, not at prices to earn a given rate of interest on the investment, but to represent a fixed percentage of the income of the tenant, whatever that happened to be.

THIS is a bright, beautiful dream, but hopelessly impracticable on the scale suggested. Mr. Heckscher's 500 philanthropists with half a million each to give away simply do not exist; nor are the city and state of New York ready to go into the business on these proportions. Moreover, even if the money were all in hand tomorrow, it is highly doubtful whether it would be desirable to go ahead with the Heckscher plan unqualified by the best counsels of community planning. After all, he would merely substitute one type of tenement for another: a vastly better type, to be sure, but one which would leave many problems unsolved. It would not cure street congestion; if would leave the workers who lived in the model apartments no nearer their jobs than they are now; and above all, it would involve a large element of sheer charity, which would humiliate or morally enervate its objects, or both. The science of city and regional planning long ago passed the naïve stage of merely tearing down inadequate dwellings and substituting better ones in the same places. Today it says of a city and its surrounding region: What industries should be carried on, and where should each be located? And having answered that question it seeks by decentralization to put those occupations which lend themselves to removal in the outskirts of the congested area, with the homes of the workers close at hand. New York will be changed greatly in the next quarter of a century along these lines. It would be folly for the city to commit itself now to the expenditure of a large sum which would leave the major evils of the present situation untouched, or even increase them.

NEXT Friday, Oct. 29, the state of West Virginia intends to put to death a fifteen-year-old boy. His name is Adam Burress, and the crime for which he was tried was an attack on a nine-year-old girl. We have no information as to whether he had "a fair trial," but assuming that he had, we should like to ask: Is it right to attribute to any fifteen-year-old boy the mental maturity and responsibility without which not even the most convinced supporter of capital punishment could justify the death sentence? Does not the character of the crime strongly suggest the presence of mental disease requiring incarceration in an asylum rather than punishment of the ultimate severity? And finally, does the state of West Virginia feel that the cause of law and order is enhanced by the spectacle of this execution which at best can only be called the judicial murder of a child?

ALL lynchings are bad, but some are worse than others; and it was one of the most horrible in recent

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years which took place at Aiken, South Carolina, a few days ago. The mob which took three Negroes, one of them a woman, from the jail and shot them dead, had not been inflamed by any recently-committed crime. The murder with which the Negroes had been charged was committed seventeen months ago. The three prisoners had been tried once and, the State Supreme Court having reversed the decision, were in the process of being tried a second time. Whether they were guilty or not it is of course impossible to say, but Judge Lanham, before whom the second trial was in progress, after hearing the evidence, had directed a verdict of not guilty in the case of one of the trio. It was presumably this fact which led the mob to its dastardly and contemptible deed. It did not act, as lynchers sometimes pretend to do, as a vigilante committee which anticipates the result of legal action: it murdered one man whom the Court had declared innocent and another man and a woman who were in the course of being tried. With episodes like this fresh in their memory (twenty-three lynchings have already taken place this year) we wonder how Southern Senators and Representatives can keep their faces straight as they stand up in Congress and assert that there is no need for the Dyer Anti-lynching bill.

THE psychology of the booster never revealed itself in a more unfortunate light than in the case of late events in Florida. The recent disastrous hurricane which killed 372, injured 6,281, and left 17,384 families in need of aid, created a problem in relief which was far beyond Florida's ability to meet. The American Red Cross in accordance with its usual fine policy of assisting in emergencies, at once began to raise a nationwide fund of $5,000,000. Obtaining this money has, however, been greatly hampered by the actions of some Floridans, including the Governor. Naturally, they have been concerned lest fear of the hurricane's havoc keep away tourists this winter; and they have therefore sent out statements minimizing the damage done. These statements were of course innocently meant; but they have made it far more difficult to get together the money needed for relief. Many victims of the storm will pay dearly for the optimism spread so diligently by the boosters.

THOSE who follow international finance cannot have helped wondering what was the significance of a chain of events beginning with the meeting early in the summer between three of the most powerful personages in the world—Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, Benjamin Strong, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, President of the German Reichsbank, continuing with the European tour of Secretary Mellon, and culminating with the week-end conference of German and British industrial leaders in England. One answer is now provided by advance news of a manifesto, signed by financial and business leaders of sixteen nations, and dealing with the disorganization of trade and production since the War. This manifesto, if advance reports are correct, protests against excessive tariffs and traffic restrictions of individual states and passport restrictions upon travel. Until the complete text is at hand extended comment is impossible, but anything that tends to break down trade barriers is obviously of the first importance to European recovery. We wonder whether the document will also give grounds for inferring that prominent American financiers are beginning to have doubts of our own protective system. If so, a very pretty domestic political tangle will be woven.

AN Italian named Amerigo Dumini has just been sentenced to fourteen months in prison. There were two counts against him, a minor one of carrying a pistol and a major one of making a derisory remark about Mussolini. Dumini, you may remember, was one of the chief participants in the atrocious murder of Matteotti, the Socialist deputy, in expiation of which he served just three months' incarceration. Moral: in Italy, pick your crimes with discretion.

Two Case Studies in Political Education

THE newspapers of New York in their search for copy about the campaign have called attention to a sharp contrast between the rival Republican and Democratic candidates for United States Senator and Governor. The two Republican nominees are both men of inherited wealth and what is known as social position. Senator Wadsworth is the representative and head of a well-to-do family which for some generations has supplied governors and legislators to the state and which has occupied a position of unique social distinction in the beautiful and fertile Genesee Valley. He is one of the rare American politicians who occupies an inherited political niche and who brought to his career a kind of prestige analogous to that of the member of an English county family. Mr. Ogden Mills enjoyed similar advantages. He is, to be sure, the first of his family to carve out a political career, but he started the undertaking with every advantage of wealth and formal education while his intimate relationship with the owner of the most important Republican newspaper in New York City gave him a special claim on the consideration of the local Republican machine. On the other hand the two Democratic candidates were both the sons of poor East Side families. They had no advantages of wealth, education or inherited position. They are self-made political leaders who are indistinguishable in their origin from the humblest inhabitant of a Cherry Street tenement.

This contrast is, of course, being exploited for the purpose of winning support for Governor Smith

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and Senator Wagner. The great majority of voters are comparatively poor and undistinguished people, who do not enjoy exceptional advantages and have a natural prejudice in favor of political leaders who have shared their handicaps and manner of life. Yet obviously it is not fair to disparage the Republican candidates merely because of the fortunes or misfortunes of their birth. Messrs. Mills and Wadsworth probably deserve more instead of less credit than Messrs. Smith and Wagner for having achieved prominent positions in politics. In the United States of America wealth and social position are as a rule obstacles rather than aids to a successful career in politics. They are not obstacles in the sense that a man of considerable wealth who dines with the right people is prevented from competing for political prizes by the nature of his associations and his mode of life. But they are obstacles in the sense that they tend to erect barriers in a man's own mind against the serious undertaking of a political career. There is no tradition of political service among well-to-do families in America. On the contrary the sons of such families, if they are ambitious, usually go into business, and if they are fastidious, they tend to become dilettantes of one kind or another. A probably increasing proportion occupy themselves with merely taking care of their money or inventing ways of spending it. Very few of them are willing to undertake the labors, the risks, the irritations and the disappointments of a political career. If they do and are rewarded by some success, it is usually an indication on their part of unusual personal energy, ambition and, perhaps, disinterestedness. Both Senator Wadsworth and Congressman Mills are, politically speaking, self-made men quite as much as are Governor Smith and Judge Wagner.

In fact the Republican candidates should as politicians really be objects of commiseration rather than congratulation on the score of their wealth and previous condition of social servitude. They have overcome the temptation which their inherited opportunities offered to them of leading idle and futile lives. They have worked as conscientiously and laboriously as they know how to promote public interests, as they understand what public interests are, and during a period of bad acting in politics, when the use of money to buy votes is again becoming common, they generally have kept their skirts clean. It is as silly to attack them on account of their affluence and their availability as dinner guests as it is to vote for them on a similar pretext. They are entitled to ask for the support of their fellow-citizens on the basis of their public record quite irrespective of the social or financial advantages and handicaps which they had to overcome in preparing themselves to compete for the offices of Governor and Senator.

But while the contrast between the wealth, social position and family inheritance of the Republican candidates and those of their rivals is of no decisive importance, the voter should not in estimating the comparative deserts of the Republican and Democratic nominees ignore their political biographies. He has the best of reasons for inquiring what influence their inheritance and surroundings have had upon Messrs. Wadsworth and Mills and what influence they have had upon their surroundings as compared to the analogous facts in the case of Messrs. Wagner and Smith. The Republican candidates do not stand up under such a test as well as their opponents. The pair of nominees who started with every advantage of wealth, education and position have allowed their wealth and position to determine their attitude towards public questions. On the other hand their less favored rivals have managed little by little to rise superior to the peculiar bias and the limitations of their early surroundings.

If we conceive of education as a discipline which enables its possessor to improve upon the accidents of his inheritance and to employ his increasing experience of the world as a means of broadening his mind, Messrs. Mills and Wadsworth for all their college training are badly educated men. The emancipation of their wills from the paralysis which wealth and social position so frequently impose upon their victims has not been accompanied by any similar emancipation of their minds. They are both of them men of considerable natural intelligence who pay conscientious attention to public questions and have been useful and industrious members of the legislative bodies in which they have served. They are both in a real sense public-spirited. But both are also men whose interest in politics is devoted to the defense of the economic system out of which their families have profited, and this interest prevents their minds from moving outside of certain definite boundaries. They have discovered nothing during their active political careers which has liberated their minds. They are no more accessible to new ideas or considerate of the facts which their old ideas do not sufficiently recognize, than they were when they started. Throughout his career in Washington Mr. Wadsworth has been one of the most consistently and dogmatically nonprogressive men in the Senate. He has never by any chance strayed from the straight and narrow path of the stupid conservative who believed that the way to preserve institutions was to prevent them from being changed. Mr. Mills's mind is more liberal, robust and considerate than Mr. Wadsworth's, but he also is essentially the representative of a class interest which condemns any proposal to infringe on its privileges or to diminish its power as disorderly and impious.

Messrs. Wagner and Smith, on the other hand, have managed to convert political careers into vehicles of a liberal education. They started as precinct or ward Tammany politicians at a time when Tammany was a class organization which existed chiefly to administer the government of the city and

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county of New York in the personal interest of its members. Their standards and political behavior in the beginning did not differ essentially from those of their leaders and pals. They would have regarded political reorganization in the interest of a shorter ballot or more efficient administration or social reorganization in the interest of the health or welfare of some helpless economic group as the silly frills of reforming busybodies. Yet these two men in the course of their thirty years in politics have without ceasing to profess allegiance to Tammany trained themselves to become intelligent and effective social and political progressives. Governor Smith learned to take a passionate interest in shortening the ballot and in improving state administrative agencies, and he has accomplished more in this direction than two generations of Republican or mugwump reformers. Mr. Wagner during his career in the Legislature started as an extremely dubious Tammany henchman and ended as Governor Smith's most useful assistant and as the warm and intelligent advocate of social welfare legislation. Moreover, during those shameful years after the War when Messrs. Mills and Wadsworth and their Republican associates at Albany were trying to deny their socialist fellow-citizens the right to representation in the state legislature and were conniving at the use of illegal violence against innocent people who were only suspected of radical opinions, Governor Smith vigorously and successfully vindicated the traditional American right to freedom of thought and utterance. The graduate of the New York slums proved in a time of stress that he had more thoroughly mastered the salutary principles of American government than the graduates of our leading universities.

Finally in seeking to explain why Messrs. Smith and Wagner were capable of throwing off the limitations of their inheritance and of extracting from their political careers a liberal education whereas their Republican opponents have been incapable, it would probably be a mistake to attribute the difference in the quality of their adult political education wholly to differences in personal ability. Mr. Wadsworth and Mr. Mills were capable of self-improvement, provided the conditions under which they worked had been favorable to an enlargement of sympathy and imaginative outlook. But these conditions were wholly unfavorable. If they had allowed themselves to stray from the official Republican identification of political and social order with the perpetuation of a government in the interest of business, they would have put an end to their chance of promotion and reëlection as Republican office-holders. Any politician who wishes the Republican machine to conduct him into high office in an eastern state cannot allow himself any liberties with his mind. The Republicans under Coolidge have become as irrevocably fundamentalist and standpat as the Russian Communists or the British Tories after the Napoleonic wars. They cultivate mental inertia as a patriotic duty. A Democratic office-seeker in New York suffers from no similar compulsion. Not, of course, that a professed allegiance to the Democratic party in New York is any particular provocation to mental enterprise and liberality. A political career in either party usually makes for a cheapening of the beginner's mind and towards a creeping paralysis of his creative energy. But office-seeking in the New York Democracy, unlike office-seeking in the Republican party of New York, is not wholly incompatible with intellectual liberation. If Governor Smith and Judge Wagner continue their work of self-education, they will doubtless come into conflict finally with Tammany, which is better represented by Mayor Walker, but so far Tammany has not interfered with their political education. Their personal growth as compared to the lack of growth in their rivals is, we believe, the indication that there is a leaven of social righteousness at work in the tenements and the workshops of a city like New York which is scrupulously excluded from its clubs, drawing-rooms, corporate offices and its major law firms.

Can Labor Capture Detroit?

EVERYTHING else done at the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor is insignificant beside the resolution to attempt to unionize the automobile industry. Students of the labor movement generally recognize that the chief work before it for a long time to come will be to extend the ranks of the organized. Progress in many directions is blocked until the forces of self-conscious labor become more widespread and more powerful. And the great automobile industry, one of the most characteristic as well as one of the largest of American industries, is almost without a vestige of union control. For some time the leaders of the unions concerned have been hovering about the project. But they have been held back, partly by failure to unite their forces for the necessary effort, partly by the magnitude of the task. Will the issue at last be joined? If so, much depends upon the outcome.

The manufacture of motor cars is barely twenty-five years old. Four cars were turned out in 1895. The census first recorded the production of the industry in 1899, when 2,500 were made. This year the product will approach 5,000,000—a gain of about 2,000-fold. Like its growth in size and importance, its development in technique and methods is so rapid as to bewilder the observer. It was scarcely even at the beginning a handicraft, and now is the most completely mechanized of all occupations. Unions, which were accustomed to arise in trades where the workers had some skill to exploit, never got a foothold in it. Unions now exist in many industries where machinery is or is becoming predominant, but most of them began at least

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in trades where manual dexterity played a controlling part. Clothing, shoes, textiles, printing, baking, as well as mining and building, are old industries and were once characterized by hand labor and lack of large units or concentrated capital control. Unions in them have for the most part adapted themselves to the new conditions, but their origins reach back to the time of craft and trade. In approaching automobile making, the majority of the union leaders—even those in the metal trades— are approaching something that is essentially new to the genius of the labor movement.

The question has sometimes been raised in this country whether the union movement—or at least unions with the traditions and leadership of the A. F. of L.—could succeed in organizing industries of this sort, industries which are in many ways basic in the economic life of the country. The task is, indeed, gigantic. The thing cannot be done piecemeal, either by crafts or by plants, and there are several hundred thousand workers to be reached. The mere mechanical difficulties of getting the message to their ears are enormous. And when the labor movement has reached them, what is it to say? It cannot say—you have an ancient and honorable trade, a unique skill which must be protected. It cannot say—the employers are taking advantage of your disorganization to force you to work unusually long hours at low pay. For the management can come back with figures like those of the National Industrial Conference Board, which show that last year, for instance, the earnings in automobile factories averaged a dollar or more higher per week than the other industries covered by the Board's statistics. The hours are not for the most part above 48, while Ford, as everyone knows, has just adopted the forty-hour week.

If the workers can be united for action, the resistance they will meet is, moreover, highly formidable—as formidable as that in the steel industry itself. Henry Ford is one of the two or three richest men in the world. The financial resources of most of the other important companies are large. Their affiliations reach back into the most settled anti-union regions of capitalism, and include names like Morgan and Du Pont. A challenge by organized labor to the automobile industry is a challenge to one of the inner sanctuaries of self-confident capitalism. These employers are capable of calling upon the resources of government and press, of anti-labor detective agencies, and all the forces disruptive of labor's effort. Many of them have resorted, too, to the more subtle schemes of competition with the independent unions through employe representation plans, employe stock ownership, insurance and multifarious varieties of welfare work. And the power of the employes to cause interruption of operation by withdrawing their services is limited by the fact that they have no monopoly of any hard-learned skill—most of the operation can be picked up by a novice in a brief period.

The case, however, is by no means hopeless. In the steel industry almost as many men were attracted to the unions in 1919 as would now be necessary for an effective strike in automobile making. Though automobile companies pay comparatively well, they do not pay as well as they might, since they are highly profitable. The earnings of the workers have not increased as much since prewar days as the wages of many organized trades. The chances are that not many of Ford's competitors will promptly follow his lead into the five-day week. Competition is real, and it might be possible therefore to produce a result with organization of a few plants, even if not all could be reached at first. There is a question how long even the large resources of the motor makers could hold out against failure of production, since the plants and machinery represent such heavy investments, which rapidly pile up charges when they are not in operation. A large enough strike in a period of full employment, even though the strikers were but semi-skilled, might create so many vacancies that their places could hardly be filled.

It is inconceivable that the workers in so great an industry should be content to remain for many years without independent representation. They are bound some time to want real power in the industry which supplies their livelihood and conditions their way of life—to want power probably not for its own sake, but to bring about the satisfaction of some need which capitalist dictatorship does not supply. It will be well indeed, not merely for them, but for the public in general and for the industry as well, if this representation can be supplied by affiliation with unions having the outlook favorable to productivity and coöperation which the A. F. of L. now professes. For if a genuine industrial constitutionalism cannot be introduced with the consent—even the reluctant consent—of the employers, a far more bitter revolt is likely some day to break out. The A. F. of L. therefore has a most serious responsibility in this difficult task. We sincerely hope it may have the resources, the ability and the dogged perseverance requisite to the opportunity.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Politics of the Prairies

FOR an unobstructed view of the political mind of the farmer West one must follow the banks of the upper Missouri. Illinois and Missouri are great corn and hog states; but Illinois is overshadowed by Chicago and Missouri has St. Louis and Kansas City to cope with. Their politics are complicated by the political power of their cities and distracted by the conflict of city and country over the liquor question.

Along the middle Missouri, in Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and the Dakotas—Minnesota and Wisconsin should be added, with certain reservations, to the list—agriculture, when it chooses to mass its strength, is supreme. In Kansas winter wheat is king. Nebraska is for corn first and then wheat. Iowa is all for corn. The Dakotas stand or fall with spring wheat. These states have their cities tending to side with the distant metropolis as against the neighboring grain fields. But when, in these states, farmers take to the warpath there is nothing for the outnumbered cities to do but submit.

Senator Robert Beecher Howell of Nebraska is making speeches in his state for the Republican party. Senator Howell is not now a candidate, but doubtless he will be two years hence. He is a substantial, hard-headed man with an engineering rather than a political mind. A graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, he was once city engineer of Omaha and left the management of one of the largest business institutions in that city to enter the Senate. Senator Howell is not an orator in any flowery sense; he deals heavily in facts. We cannot do better, in a search for the direction of the western political trade winds, than listen to his campaign speech.

"America is prosperous," the Senator begins. Wait! Don't go yet. This isn't what it looks to be.

"Industrial America," Senator Howell corrects himself, "is prosperous." He goes on to say that this prosperity is partly at the expense of depressed agricultural America. By its tariff policy the government has put industrial America on stilts. Agriculture is left on the ground. Business America, furthermore, went on to organize itself into combinations for profit insurance. Agricultural America, too wide-flung, too multitudinous, too individualistic to organize for its own protection, is made to pay the premiums on that insurance.

The Senator notes that when the railroads failed in their efforts by "coöperation" among themselves to stop competition in rates, the government through the Esch-Cummins act came to their relief with a new rule that the established maximum rates must also be the minimum. The government has aided and abetted other industry in its aspirations to charge high prices to farmers. Why should it not now help the farmers charge higher prices to these others? The Senator asks that question and remarks that measures on the order of the McNary-Haugen bill are merely devices for securing to farmers advantages already possessed by other classes.

The Senator takes time to denounce the allied debt settlements which Washington has arranged. He takes issue with Secretary Hoover on radio, which the Senator thinks the government should control. Electricity is a hobby of his. He wants the government to keep Muscle Shoals and operate it as an electrical demonstration station. As such it would be a lever in the coming task of regulating the great power industry. He likes the Ontario method of coöperation for electrical service and proposes that his state adopt it. He advocates the acquirement by the government of one good trunk line of railroad to operate as a check on private ownership and operation.

I should say here, apropos of Senator Howell's special interest in public utilities, that the business which he built up and operated in Omaha was that city's municipally owned and operated utilities—water, gas and ice. It was primarily his record in this field that made him Senator. He built a municipal ice plant, cut the price drastically and paid for the plant out of earnings in three years. Nebraska seemed to like that. Such public competition is the Senator's favorite prescription for regulating monopolies. His recipe for the government's merchant fleet is to put it to work under an operating board with orders to compete "for blood."

Everybody, remarks Senator Howell, now advocates the conscription of money as well as men for war. It is passing strange then, he holds, that the government should be slashing taxes now when we are in the very midst of paying for a war. He pays his special respects to last winter's tax-reduction bill. Congress could not do anything for the relief of the struggling farmer. But there was time to pass a law for the relief of the big taxpayers.

So goes the speech of the junior Republican Senator from Nebraska, a solid man who weighs his words. The senior Nebraska Republican Senator would be making similar speeches, but he is in Pennsylvania campaigning against the Republican candidate for Senator. Senator Norris holds that the substitution of bullion for ballots as exemplified in Pennsylvania is the paramount issue of the year and leaves Nebraska to itself.

I have sketched Senator Howell's speech and referred to Senator Norris's activities to illustrate the total variance of official western Republicans with the Republican party as now dominated or led at Washington. As to whether these Senators speak the minds of their constituents there might be room for dispute, but actually there isn't. After

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two terms of this kind of thing, Senator Norris was two years ago reëlected with no particular effort on his part with 56,062 more votes than the head of his ticket, President Coolidge, received. The views expressed by Senator Howell now are substantially the same as he put forward when a candidate in 1922. His reëlection in 1928 is generally conceded.

Moreover, three out of four of the present Republican nominees for the Senate in the group of states to which Nebraska belongs speak substantially the same language as the Nebraska Senators. Nye in North Dakota, Norbeck in South Dakota and Brookhart in Iowa are of the progressive brand. Their election is taken for granted. Only Kansas is in the way to return, in the person of the well liked Curtis, a Senator agreeable to the present leadership at Washington.

The practical identity of economic interest of this block of states is issuing finally in a practical political autonomy. This has been a long, slow development. Settled originally by veterans of the Civil War, these states long voted as they had shot. Local political machines financed in the East delivered the western farmer vote regularly to eastern industrial points of view. Finally in these states characteristic local political developments appeared. The machines which dominated the nominating conventions were never run by or for farmers. Only town folks—lawyers, bankers, corporations—had time or money for maintaining intricate political organizations. The farmer states were quick to see in direct primaries a chance to control their own politics.

In the grain states, however it may have been elsewhere, the direct primary has had the intended effect. It shifted political control from a small class in the towns to a large class in the country. Under it, ambitious individuals still sometimes build up personal machines. Corporate interests may slip over a candidate or even a law. But these, once public attention is called thither, are as grass which the primary wind blows away. The disemployed convention managers cannot be reconciled to the change. They talk at all times of the failings of the direct primary. Twice, Nebraska legislatures have been induced to make a start at pulling its teeth. Then came into operation another institution also common to these plains.

The voters of these states have all appropriated the power of direct legislation. Nebraska voters invoked the referendum against the anti-primary acts and buried them under an avalanche of votes. The population is small and intelligent enough, society is simple enough in the grain states to admit of an effective measure of direct popular government.

To these institutions is due in large part the Indian summer calm which now pervades the politics of these states. Here no institution or individual can long thwart a settled public will. In convention days the 1 percent of the voters who carried railroad passes could and did override the 99 percent who wanted the passes abolished. That made for exciting politics however futile. No such arbitrary power can be exercised now. Legislatures have learned the uselessness of passing measures so objectionable that the only result is the rebuff of a popular veto.

With loss of power went loss of profit in political organizations. Twenty-one months out of twenty-four, nowadays, the official party organizations are dormant. Party spirit, deprived of artificial stimulant, has waned. A judicial attitude toward candidates in the voter's own primary tends to a judicial attitude in his subsequent choice as between the party candidates. In Nebraska, educational, judicial and city offices have been removed by law from the purview of party. Two years ago an initiated proposal to elect all Nebraska state officers by nonpartisan primary and election drew 40 percent of the total vote. A farmer movement in this state now proposes, with good chance of final success, to remove county government wholly from party politics. In state politics the national parties have lost all general significance. Transitory local issues divide them as a rule.

Taxes, especially road taxes, figure this year in most of the state campaigns. Iowa, shell-shocked by wholesale bank failures, is considering the guaranty of bank deposits. The bitterness of old Nonpartisan League issues still divides the North Dakotans. Gunderson, Republican governor of South Dakota, is under fire, with some Republican papers supporting his opponent; but the issue concerns solely his personal conduct of his office. It is the same in Nebraska, where ex-Governor Charles W. Bryan is trying to convince the voters that he is a wizard at cutting taxes. No scandals, no sense of being badly governed at home excites these states. Routine local issues make up their peaceful local politics.

This evolution in local matters has had its counterpart in national politics. Here, however, there is a clear-cut political division. But it is not between parties.

With all its new independence, the upper Missouri remains essentially a one party country. Political opinion ranges all the way from Smith W. Brookhart, radical insurgent, to his Mason City banker neighbor, Hanford MacNider, who, though Assistant Secretary of War in Mr. Coolidge's administration, does not conceal his antipathy to his party's candidate for Senator in his home state. These antipodes of political attitude exist, but they fight out their differences in the Republican primaries. The Democratic party exists here mainly as a club for the occasional disciplining of the Republican party.

The farmer with his avalanche of votes refuses to forego the asset of the Republican name. He proceeds instead to make over the Republican party in his own image. When city machines ran

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the party the farmers were voted by and for the cities. Having learned a few tricks themselves the farmers see the advantage of turning the tables and voting the cities for the farmers. Only in Minnesota, where a large labor vote is needed to make good the farmer control, has there been an effort to maintain a distinct "farmer-labor" party. Elsewhere the insurgents go into the Republican primaries and make their nominations. That, almost automatically, means election.

This makes the Republican primaries the real battleground in the grain states. That fighting is over. Hard battles took place in Iowa, where the insurgent Brookhart won; in North Dakota, where the radical Nye won; and in South Dakota, where Norbeck the progressive won. In Nebraska and Minnesota only members of the House are to be elected. The election of these insurgent Republicans, now that they are nominated, is taken for granted.

In these primary contests, given an issue and fairly competent leadership, the "progressives" win. That is to say, the speeches of Senator Howell, which are essentially the speeches of Brookhart, Nye, Norbeck, Norris and the rest, win. The substance of those speeches, with their sapping of the tariff, their prodding of plutocracy, their bent to public ownership, their penchant for direct popular rule, is the substance of an unwritten political platform which has come to express the settled mind of the half-dozen farmer-dominated states. This is no mere matter of a McNary-Haugen bill. That, to many corn belt minds, is mainly a convenient instrument for mining the intrenchments of the industrial and commercial blocs now opposing the farmer pretensions. This bill and its reception at Washington have dynamited the last pathetic remnant of farmer faith in the friendship for him of the tariff.

This changed mind, based on solid economic considerations, is remaking the Republican party in these states into a coherent, determined force as fundamentally far from the party of Senator Butler, its national manager, and President Coolidge, its official leader, as—well, as Massachusetts is from the Missouri. This "party" will apparently return to the new Senate reinforced by two new members, Blaine of Wisconsin and Brookhart of Iowa, and all pledged to turn the peace along the Missouri into war upon the Potomac.

WALTER LOCKE.

Lending Money to Keep the Peace

America's Stake in the Thoiry Agreement

THE real purport of that conference a few weeks ago between the French Foreign Minister, Briand, and the German Foreign Minister, Stresemann, held at the little inn at Thoiry in the foothills near Geneva is not much of a secret over here. It is one of those under cover things at which nearly everybody has had a peep. The better posted of the English and American newspaper correspondents know all about it. So do the diplomats, the cabinet members, the more substantial of the politicians and observers in Paris, London and Berlin. But, like so much that is vital here and at home, it is whispered about, argued over, discussed but not printed. In only one English newspaper has a definite outline been presented. In the American press little more than a hint has been given of the real gist of this remarkable talk, rightly regarded as of the highest significance and effect.

There is little doubt about the facts. What these two ministers did, there is reason to believe, was to agree on a plan which if they can carry it out—and they think they can—will apply the acid test to the American contention that the United States, so far from being solely concerned in collecting from its European debtors the last penny they are capable of paying, is primarily interested in promoting the peace of the world and stands ready and willing to lend its aid in every possible way whenever European nations, sinking their differences, move in that direction. That this was the net result of that conference is the conviction of men who ought to know. If, they contend, the Briand-Stresemann plan bears fruit, the chance will be presented to America either nobly to prove the sincerity of her attitude or to stand stamped before the world as wholly sordid and selfish, utterly lacking in that moral grandeur so frequently ascribed to her by our sounding board statesmen in the Senate.

It is interesting to follow the reasoning on this side. It is also interesting to note that, notwithstanding the clear intimations from the cautious, if not always consistent, Spokesman for the President, there is no intention upon the part of this administration to be noble in the way indicated, the French and German ministers have by no means given up hope of success. On the contrary they are quietly but undiscouragedly working to shape up an agreement which can only become effective with American approval. The basic idea is to form an accord between the two countries that will obviously contain a more robust hope and a finer and firmer guarantee for future peace than anything that has happened since the armistice. To stand in the way of such an accord designed to wipe out, as it would, all existing causes of friction and uniting in economic and friendly bonds these historically hostile nations so recently clawing at each other's throats, would indeed be an appalling responsibility. It is alleged

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with considerable corroborative evidence that the purpose formed at the Thoiry luncheon is to confront America with exactly this responsibility—to put her in that position, to subject her to this test, to say to her in effect: "Here you are. We have got together. Every point of friction is removed. Complete mutual understanding has been achieved. To make the thing effective we need your help. If you are really the noble nation you claim, touch the button. If you are not, then back off and we will know the truth about you, and so will everyone."

It is a clever scheme they have framed up—these foreign statesmen. At least many observers think it clever. Whether it will turn out to be as clever as it seems remains to be seen. Few schemes do. However, it is not to be denied there is promise in this one. Looked at from the European angle, the situation is about this: the time has come when France must come out of the Rhineland. It is true that under the treaty she can stay nine more years but it is unthinkable that she will. If she took the full time allowed she would never be forgiven by Germany and so far as the rest of the world is concerned what happened to her later would be her own fault. It is conceded that four more years is the utmost she can stay. Plainly therefore if withdrawal is to be voluntary and if there is to be any trading value to a withdrawal now is the time to trade, not later. As for Germany, to get the French troops out of the country without delay is worth almost any concession—or price.

Under the circumstances, it is easy to imagine the conversation over the luncheon table at Thoiry. One can hear Stresemann saying, "What do you want us to do? We will do anything in our power. Do you want us to disarm further? All right. We will go the limit in that direction, now that we are in the League."

"Yes," M. Briand can be imagined as replying, "that is all right so far as it goes. But if I am to get this thing through the French parliament I must have French sentiment with me and something more is necessary. I must have something in the way of payment to show."

"We will gladly pay," one can hear the German reply, "but how can we? Unfortunately there is a young American in Berlin named Parker Gilbert, who is the Agent General of Reparations and Administrator of the Dawes plan. We have to pay every mark we can raise to him. If you can figure some way by which we can pay you we will be delighted to do it."

Of course these are not the precise words used by Briand and Stresemann but there is good authority for believing they accurately represent the sense of what passed between them. Further, there is equally good authority for believing the two statesmen agreed that in no matter which direction they looked the road was blocked by America. For France, she bars the door to the foreign credits necessary to save her currency until she ratifies an agreement the terms of which she knows she cannot carry out and against which the sentiment of her people is overwhelming. For Germany, it is impossible without American consent to raise the money to pay France the price she wants for withdrawal. Faced with these facts, what more natural than that the two statesmen should evolve a plan to make their agreement anyhow and put it up to America to touch the button or to back away—to be, as they see it, noble or ignoble.

The key of course is the German railroad bonds, now held by the Reparations Commission. They constitute a general mortgage on the reorganized German railroads and are concededly the soundest things of the sort in Germany today. If a part of these could be capitalized and marketed, the $100,000,000 France so badly needs might be raised and the whole wonderful deal, so pregnant with peaceful possibilities, put through. France could be saved financially without additional burden on Germany, the occupation of the Rhineland immediately ended, all friction removed between the two countries. The one thing needed is American approval.

It is of course plain that America is the only market capable of absorbing so large a quantity of bonds, that at least half of the whole amount would have to come from America. It is also plain the bonds cannot be marketed at all unless America says so. But, it is contended, the bonds are good, the investment first class, no one will be hurt and the benefits will be incalculable. If America is really inspired by a desire to help rehabilitate Europe she cannot afford to hold back from a plan that brings Germany and France together in a closer accord than any one has dreamed possible in centuries.

That is the way they reason over here, in spite of the cold disapproval registered by the cautious Spokesman. There is a conviction that the idea is so generally sound and right, so full of hope and promise that neither the unsympathetic attitude of Washington nor the reported efforts of Poincaré to sabotage the whole business will be able to head it off. It is, they argue, merely a matter of time. Before many months the opportunity to regain a lost moral leadership may appear in Washington to outweigh purely material arguments as to the cost of dollars. In France too, it is said, hopefully by some and fearfully by others, Poincaré probably will not last the winter out and Briand is likely to be his successor—if a further flop of the franc does not throw things altogether out of gear. Then it can be done. In spite of the very apparent obstacles in the way there are clear-headed men here who believe the Stresemann-Briand plan will take definite form within the next six months and the aforesaid acid test be applied to America.

It will be interesting to see how it is met. There are weak points in the scheme and there are arguments that can be made as to the lack of logic in the French and German reasoning. There are plenty of things that can be said on the American

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side. Almost as strong a case can be made as to why it is neither the material nor the moral duty of America to endorse such a plan as can be made as to why it is. It may also be contended that the idea is economically unsound. But when all is said and done it really is a test, because it is not a hostile move toward America. At bottom it is an appeal rather than a challenge. Some administrations would see in it a glorious opportunity not only to promote the peace of the world but to regain lost good will and prestige. Some administrations would consider that any chance to bring France and Germany together and eliminate friction outweighed any amount of material arguments. Some administrations would respond to such a chance like a fireman to a fire. But this administration is not noted for its responsiveness. Rather the reverse.

Paris. FRANK R. KENT.

Not Proven Guilty

The Ohio Gang in Court

THE great Daugherty-Miller case is ended. After deliberations which lasted (with intervals for food and sleep) the record-breaking time of sixty-five hours and forty minutes, the jurors reported that they were unable to agree on a verdict for either defendant and were discharged. On most of their ballots they stood ten to two for convicting Thomas W. Miller, former Alien Property Custodian. As to Harry M. Daugherty, former Attorney General of the United States, they varied from six-six to nine-three, in favor of conviction.

The difficulties under which Federal Attorney Emory R. Buckner and his assistants labored were enormous. The acts on which the indictment was based took place in the summer of 1921, and the statute of limitations made it impossible to employ a charge of bribery. Mr. Buckner was forced to charge the defendants with "conspiracy to defraud the government of their honest, impartial and unprejudiced services," an allegation more difficult to prove than almost any other. Two of the most important figures in the chain of events —John T. King and Jesse Smith—are dead. All the bank records which presumably would have thrown some light upon the truth or falsity of the government's charges were destroyed, in the autumn of 1925, by Harry M. Daugherty. The story of how, in the face of these obstacles, the prosecution searched out its evidence, traced the movements of the defendants day by day through the summer of 1921, found the canceled coupons of one group of Liberty Bonds among millions of others, located the deposit of funds by Mr. Miller and his agents with three brokerage houses—all this would need a hundred thousand words to tell, but if so told would make a detective tale fit to rank with the imaginary exploits of Holmes and Lecoq.

The government's contention, in brief summary, was that improper acts were committed in connection with the return of seven million dollars' worth of stock of the American Metal Company. The stock had been seized by the Alien Property Custodian when America entered the War, on the ground that it was German-owned. It was returned, in 1921, to the Société Suisse pour Valeurs de Métaux, a Swiss corporation. The contention was made that this organization had bought from the German group its interest in the company, completing the transaction in March, 1917, just prior to America's declaration of war. If this statement were true, the Alien Property Custodian should never have sequestered the property at all, and acted rightly in returning it in 1921, when the application was made. The prosecution introduced powerful testimony tending to show that the claim was not true, that the alleged transfer from German to Swiss ownership had never taken place, and that the whole story was trumped up to give a semblance of legality to the transaction. However, the point was not vital to the case. Even if the return of the property had been entirely justified, the government's contention as to improper actions would be equally valid.

The case centred around the payment of a $441,000 "fee" in connection with the affair, by Richard Merton, of Frankfort-on-Main, whose family were the original owners of the stock, and who also, so he claimed, represented the Societé Suisse. Merton paid this $441,000 to John T. King, Republican National Committeeman from Connecticut. A first payment of $50,000 was made by check, and the other $391,000 was turned over in Liberty Bonds, after the claim had been allowed and the money given to Merton.

It was the contention of the government that this $391,000 was divided as follows:

To Miller: $50,000.
To King: $112,000.
To Daugherty and Jesse Smith: $224,000.
Unaccounted for: $5,000.

In the course of the trial, the defense scored three telling blows which deserve to be recorded.

First, Richard Merton, who came voluntarily from Germany to testify, stated that he regarded the $441,000 paid to John T. King strictly as a fee for legitimate services rendered. He did not regard the sum as excessive in view of the size of the property involved. He had no knowledge of

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any intention on King's part to divide this fee with anyone else.

Second, George E. Williams, Managing Director of the Alien Property Custodian's office, took the stand and assumed full personal responsibility for recommending to the Department of Justice that the claim be allowed.

Third, Senator Guy D. Goff of West Virginia, who in 1921 was Assistant Attorney General, took the stand and assumed full personal responsibility for the action of the Department of Justice in allowing the claim.

Both these men denied that any attempt had been made to influence their decision.

What were the facts which the jury had to set over against these? First of all, the defense admitted that King was paid $441,000 by Merton for his services, although so far as anyone can discover, these services consisted only in introducing Merton to Jesse Smith and perhaps to T. W. Miller. If these introductions took half a minute, which is surely a generous estimate, then the gentleman from Connecticut was paid at the rate of $52,920,000 an hour. Which seems somewhat excessive.

The defense also admitted that $200,000 of Merton's money was paid to Jesse Smith by King. Max D. Steuer, attorney for Harry Daugherty, insisted that this sum was properly paid to Smith for his services in "expediting the claim through his acquaintance in Washington." Since, however, both Williams and Goff deny that Smith spoke to them about the matter, the questions have never been answered: What did Smith do for this money? What "acquaintances" did he see? How did he "expedite" the claim?

The defense admitted that Mal S. Daugherty, brother of the ex-Attorney General, himself sold at least $40,000 of the Merton-King Liberty Bonds, and that shortly thereafter he deposited $49,165 in his brother's account. He explained this on the stand by saying he got $50,000 in these bonds from Jesse Smith, and that they were turned over to him as part payment on $60,000 which Smith had previously collected for political purposes and for which he had failed to account.

The defense admitted that a check for $22,163.81 written by John T. King in New York City was deposited in the Daugherty bank—the Midland National, of Washington Court House, Ohio. This check represented the proceeds of the sale of $24,000 of the Merton-King bonds. The government showed that this check must have been deposited to the account of Harry or Mal or Jesse Smith.

The defense admitted that $2,125 was deposited to Harry Daugherty's account one day later than King had deposited coupons of the Merton-King Liberty Bonds to this precise amount in his New York City bank. Mal Daugherty explained that this sum was also received from Smith, and was in part payment on a note of $2,500 which Smith had owed Harry for a year.

The defense admitted that a $10,000 Liberty Bond of the Merton-King group was deposited with Swartwout and Appenzellar, a Wilmington, Del., brokerage house, to the account of T. W. Miller. This bond was sold and the proceeds used by Miller with which to buy General Motors stock.

The defense admitted that other Merton-King bonds, totaling $20,000, were handed by Miller to a friend, Leland B. Duer, who sold them, bought General Motors stock, and finally turned the proceeds over to the firm of Laird, Bissell and Meeds for Miller's account.

The defense admitted that two other bonds, aggregating $20,000, were disposed of by Vincent Carroll and that at least $18,000 of the proceeds found their way into the hands of Laird, Bissell and Meeds, and of Prentice and Slepack, for Miller's account.

The defense admitted that Harry Daugherty, less than twelve months ago, burned the ledger sheets of the Midland National Bank for his own account, his brother Mal's account, and the account known as Jesse Smith Extra, which was not, however, a personal account of Jesse Smith, but what Mal Daugherty described as a "political" account of his brother's.

The defense admitted—it could hardly do otherwise—that neither defendant dared take the stand and testify in his own behalf. While Judge Julian W. Mack in his summing up warned the jury that unfavorable inferences should not be drawn from this fact, it was bound to have its effect. From the beginning of the Wheeler investigation of the Department of Justice, two and a half years ago, Harry Daugherty has repeatedly said that he would explain everything, would vindicate himself and confound his enemies—when the proper moment came. If he doesn't feel that his trial in a Federal Court on a charge of conspiracy is such a moment, when, one wonders, will it ever come?

What was the general line of the defense? Miller, broadly speaking, had none. His able, likable attorney, Col. William Rand, contented himself by arguing that the prosecution hadn't definitely proved that Miller got the bonds directly from King. They *might* have come to him from some other legitimate source in the ordinary course of business.

Harry Daugherty was likewise well represented in court by Mr. Steuer, one of the best known—and most expensive—trial lawyers in this country. His defense consisted mainly in attempts to sabotage the building up of the case in the courtroom by the prosecution. When this failed, the defense threw the blame for everything on the shoulders of Jesse Smith—Jesse who is dead and can't answer back, Jesse who sold his department store and came to Washington to room with Harry Daugherty and to act for him as everything

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from valet to confidential advisor, Jesse who committed suicide—or was murdered—when the operations of the Ohio Gang grew to such huge dimensions that exposure seemed inevitable.

Another line of argument was developed, not so much during the trial as after it was over. This was that Daugherty, in fighting this case, was defending not himself, but President Harding.

Mr. Daugherty himself laid the groundwork of this explanation a few months ago. Summoned before a Grand Jury to explain what he had done with the missing bank records he made, in writing, this matchless reply:

> Having been personal attorney for Warren G. Harding before he was Senator from Ohio and while he was Senator, and thereafter until his death,
> —And for Mrs. Harding for a period of several years, and before her husband was elected President and after his death,
> —And having been attorney for the Midland National Bank of Washington Court House, Ohio, and for my brother, M. S. Daugherty,
> —And having been Attorney General of the United States during the time that President Harding served as President,
> —And also for a time after President Harding's death under President Coolidge,
> —And with all of those named as attorney, personal friend and Attorney General, my relations were of the most confidential character as well as professional,
> —I refuse to testify and answer questions put to me, because:
> The answer I might give or make and the testimony I might give might tend to incriminate me.

Mr. Steuer, explaining his client's failure to take the stand, said after the case was ended:

> It was not anything connected with this case that impelled him to refrain from so doing. He would have been glad to have Mr. Buckner ask him anything that had a bearing upon the case. He feared, however—and perhaps absolutely without any reason—that Mr. Buckner would cross-examine about matters political that would not involve Mr. Daugherty concerning which he knew and as to which he would never make disclosure. . . .
>
> The destruction of the ledger sheets did not conceal anything that had the slightest bearing on this case. . . . If the jury knew the real reason for destroying the ledger sheets they would commend rather than condemn Mr. Daugherty, but he insisted on silence.

What the Daugherty statement means is perhaps obscure; but what Mr. Steuer was trying to say politely was that the bank records contained material reflecting on Harry's great friend, the man he raised from obscurity to be President of the United States, Warren G. Harding. On the truth of this theory, the writer is not competent to pass an opinion; but he has his own notions about its indecency. Harding and Smith and King are gone; blame everything on them! The Ohio Gang never surrenders; and neither does it die. It piles its corpses on the breastworks, and holds the fort.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

A Publisher's List

THE following vision of the new publishing season appeared to the writer in a trance into which he was thrown by an examination of the fall publisher's announcements.

FICTION

Jeremy and Jerkin, by Hugh Walpole.

In his new book, Mr. Walpole tells a charming story of a small boy among the tame rooks of a cathedral close. Jeremy and Jerkin is drenched with the glamor of an old English cathedral town, at the same time accentuating the quiet heroism of the rooks, in whose bravery Mr. Walpole sees the only safeguard against the perils and deceptions of life. $2.50

The Irrepressible Thalia, by William J. Locke.

A middle-aged palæontologist named Brox picks up an impudent slip of a shrimp girl in one of the Cro-Magnon caves of the Dordogne. The delectable adventures of these two latest recruits to Mr. Locke's adorable company of "beloved vagabonds" (in the course of which Brox finally becomes a croupier in the casino at Monte Carlo) form the theme of a whimsical tale which will delight the author's admirers. $2

Delmonte, by Joseph Hergesheimer.

This, Mr. Hergesheimer's first novel in a year, is a story of swift passions and fortunes swiftly made against the richly colored romantic background of Hollywood. Eastman Chives, hard drinker, hard smoker, but connoisseur of old china and man of honor, plunges into the strangely brocaded intrigue of the moving-picture studios, where, after meeting many film stars socially among the aromatic hangings of their boudoirs, he is finally shot by a little fatal movie actress with a red camelia in her teeth. $2.50

A sumptuous large paper edition of Delmonte, limited to 700 copies, at $35 the copy, each copy signed twice by the author, has been printed on hand-woven Javanese fish-food and the type shot from a gun.

Mandrakes Shrieking, by Aldous Huxley.

Mr. Huxley's title is taken from Webster's line, "There's many in their graves that at last day, like mandrakes shall rise shrieking." The brilliant novels of Mr. Huxley already occupy a unique place in the tastes of sophisticated readers. His "mandrakes" are the human flotsam and jetsam washed back and forth on the social tide of London drawing-rooms and his mordant dissection of our corrupt present-day tendencies and ineffectual ideas will delight all sophisticated readers. Mr. Huxley does not, however, fail to look for and to find in his characters authentically human emotions and wholesome instincts. $2

Horny, by D. H. Lawrence.

In this story of a porcupine's wooing, Mr. Lawrence returns to the difficulties and obstacles which beset the relations between the sexes. Toward the end, he strikes a note of psychoanalysis and religion. $2.50

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Poetry

An Untermeyer Anthology, selected by Louis Untermeyer. $3

Medusa and Madonna, by Beatrix Dahlia Lewes. $1.50

Linnet-Song, by Leatrice Hill. $1.50

The Untermeyer Birthday-Book, edited by Louis Untermeyer. $2.50

April Pain, by Ernia Leffertson Levy. $1.50

Threnody for Beauty, by Beulah Hotchkiss. $1.50

A Ribbon for My Hair, by Hugh Hotchkiss. $1.50

Milton in Modern Verse, by Louis Untermeyer.

Mr. Untermeyer has here performed a real service for modern readers of poetry. By translating Milton into contemporary English, he has made him at once more intelligible and more human. He reveals the great Puritan poet of the seventeenth century as a warm-hearted, if hot-tempered, radical, full of outbursts of generous indignation, but not disdaining his glass and his pun. Mr. Untermeyer makes the amusing suggestion that, if he were born in New York today, Milton might write like Milt Gross and then turns the first book of Paradise Lost into a dumb-waiter dialogue. $3

Criticism

Literary Studies, by E. B. Blank.

Careful studies of some of the most important figures in contemporary British letters by one of the most authoritative and influential of contemporary British critics. Mr. Blank discusses E. V. Lucas, Hugh Walpole, A. A. Milne, Compton Mackenzie, J. C. Squire, John Buchan and Jeffery Farnol. $2.50

Prejudices, Nth Series, by H. L. Mencken.

Contents: The Snide Shakespeare; Psychic Gastronomy; Notes on Boobocracy; Calvinismus, The Bootleggers' Lobby; The Tacoma Lycurgus; Reflections on a Tender Passion: Fat Girls, The Decay of the Blush, Peristalsis in C Minor; Der Untergang des Boobenlandes. $2.50

A Study of the Use of the Oath in the Plays of Thomas Marwood, by Anthony P. Frost Beaver Falls University Press. $4

History

An Outline of Human Thought, by Joe Doakes.

Mr. Doakes tells you in three minutes what it takes a scholar a lifetime to learn. Read these samples and then go to it! "Aristotle was a college professor whose lecture-notes got saved by mistake." "Dante was a victim of sex-repression resulting in delusions of grandeur and waking hallucinations." "Newton was a neurotic mathematician who held a sinecure in the Mint." $5

Seven Uplifters, by Wilbur Fry.

Brief ironic studies of St. Paul, St. Francis, Abelard, St. Thomas Aquinas, Savonarola, Luther and Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Fry examines the reputations of these celebrated religious teachers and finds that their policies were invariably dictated by considerations of economic advantage.

The American Revolution, by Philip Guedalla.

Mr. Guedalla, in a vivid and witty narrative, dashes the struggle for independence before us on a coruscating canvas. Some of Mr. Guedalla's sparklers: "The British were far from intoxicated by the battle of Brandywine." "Major André had always been a high-strung man and his death was appropriate." "The art of the early republic was principally Stu-art: President Washington was portrayed by the great Gilbert one hundred and eleven times." $3

Edmund Wilson.

To a Book

By some peculiar force centrifugal
Snatched from my mind's protective keeping
Your path is plain and unequivocal,
A lightning-feathered falcon, leaping
To trace a hieroglyph in heaven.
O little moon! O lucent circle!
You are beyond my reach, and even
Beyond the fortune of a miracle.
A stubborn archangelic levity
Has whirled you into alien æther
But still a silver thread of gravity
Must bind our pulses up together.
In your beloved veins the earthy
Is mingled with the superhuman
Since you are mine, and I was worthy
To suckle you, as very woman.
The seedling of another planet
That holds our own in light derision
You clove the subterranean granite
To rainbows of the rock's division:
And like an aureate grain of mustard
Folding a golden microcosm
You fell between my breasts, which fostered
The shape of your sidereal blossom.
Now you are flown upon a power
Whose sovereignty is half-deceptive:
For you are free, my dragon-flower,
And still forever you are captive.
You shall remain a moon untarnished
By all contagion of our metal.
Yet this inferior substance furnished
The roots of that elusive petal:
A moon remaining pure and luminous,
So far removed, yet never further,
No prophecy, however ominous,
Pollutes with spiritual murther.
O smaller than a pearl's beginning
Within my brain! what living virtue
Informed your growth, and set you spinning
Where no malicious dust can hurt you?
Above terrestrial malfeasance,
Above the ignorant delusion,
With summer in successive seasons
To light you in divine transfusion
Of crystalline and opalescent,
No arrow of the world can startle
Your lunar quietude, my crescent:
Remember that your birth was mortal.

Elinor Wylie.

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The Theatre Guild Opening

Juarez and Maximilian, by Franz Werfel, translated by Ruth Langner. The Guild Theatre, October 11, 1926.

THE Theatre Guild's opening production for its new season has at least two highly commendable points. Juarez and Maximilian brings to us another play of Werfel's, whose Goat Song last year was one of the high points of the season; and the permanent company, with all the repertory implications involved, is presented for the first time.

For the purposes of the American theatre the permanent company and repertory are more important perhaps than the play in hand. It may be said, then, that these actors, known to the public already singly, work together admirably, especially in the scenes where only two or three people are presented. This drama of Werfel's fortunately exacts few mass effects, but whenever these effects do arise in the new piece the Guild's ensembles are still shaky and their crowds still lack fluency and life. Excellence in this aspect of the theatre would seem to demand the traditional methods of Mr. Belasco or the Russians. Of the individual performances in Juarez and Maximilian Mr. Dudley Digges as the Archbishop Labastida of Mexico and Pueblo is easily the best; his portrait of this head of the church power that sets itself against the liberalism of Maximilian is superbly subtle, harsh and suave, and in a few short intervals conveys to us the complete sense of the force that he symbolizes, with all its patience and craft and intelligence. Mr. Arnold Daly's Marechal Bazaine is quite as admirable though smaller in scope. Miss Clare Eames in the rôle of Carlota, the ill-fated and ambitious empress, harder, more ambitious, passionate and competent than her husband perhaps, portrays the tragic irony of the character beautifully and securely. Juarez himself, by a subtle device on the dramatist's part, is never seen, he is partially conveyed by Diaz. Mr. Edward G. Robinson, as Porfirio Diaz, the revolutionist and future dictator, gives for the most part an admirable performance, acrid, savage and exalted; only now and then, as for instance in the scene with Archbishop Labastida, his method is too low in key, somewhat understated and somewhat lacking in the black radiance that would make the Juarez theme balance the theme of the inscrutable, inevitable church and that of the goodness, romanticism and monarchy of the emperor.

To Mr. Alfred Lunt fell the rôle of the central figure, the Austrian archduke and princely dreamer thrown by fate into the fierce realities of the Mexican revolution. Himself a poet he is shown to us through the eyes of a poet; Werfel gives to him the high station and noble mind of a figure in Euripides. Mr. Lunt's problem then is to create all this nobility and caste, this romantic liberalism and imperious if delicate and gentle caprice; and in addition the stress and violence of the Mexican years, the contention, disappointment, betrayal and all the passions and moods accompanying. To Mr. Lunt's credit must go a very passable and most intelligent performance. He has no little elegance and presence in the part, he wears his clothes well and he grasps in the main what the character means. What he fails to achieve is that wider and radiant air of dreams that makes the figure of Maximilian so resonant and fair in history, and that leaves the picture of him free of the turmoil and political foulness around him and free even of his own weaknesses, vanity and Hapsburg folly. What is lacking in Mr. Lunt's portrayal of such a character would derive only from something within; technically he plays with admirable poise and accuracy. But the Theatre Guild, if it plans to employ Mr. Lunt in plays of a graver or more passionate nature, must remember that he is essentially not a tragic actor at all. His quality belongs to the realm of comedy. Even his diction remains for the uses of comedy; the enunciation is always uncertain and is often foreign in rhythm; in the intenser passages he becomes at times almost unintelligible. At such moments he tends also to substitute vocal tricks, such as driving the tone against the nose, for the real and necessary technical solution. And finally the very quality of Mr. Lunt's voice is the voice of comedy only, though it is a very engaging comedy at that.

Juarez and Maximilian deals with the three years in Mexico that end with Maximilian's death on June 14, 1867. We see the rebellion headed by Juarez and Porfirio Diaz; the childless Carlota and her incitement of her husband toward more power and security; the dissensions among the emperor's counselors and in his army; the jealous rivalry of Marechal Bazaine; the open defiance of the church; the departure of the empress to plead with Napoleon III for the renewal of his support of Maximilian and to throw herself at the Pope's feet; we see the consent of Maximilian to drastic decrees against the revolutionaries; the presence of the emperor himself in the camp at Queratarо; his betrayal by one of his own officers; his last day in prison, and finally the scene of his execution, told by the spectators who look down through a grill at the fatal dénouement. But this drama of Werfel's is not concerned with the historical so much as with the ideal. Like the Goat Song of last season Juarez and Maximilian is a texture of ideas. It is built of interwoven motives, luminous themes of justice, romanticism, reform, liberalism, devotion, ambition, prejudice, futility, beauty, all woven together. It is not so poetic or powerful a piece as Goat Song; it has less darkness and less fire and a less wide significance. Its progress is quiet, more tempered, less buoyant, more depressed. But it exists in the same region of ideas; the characters in both these plays are the qualities or ideas that we deduce from life and that underlie life; these are the actualities of the poetic mind and in the conflict and sway of these the eternal drama of man consists.

This ideal quality, this texture of ideas and attributes, is carried in Werfel's drama to a point far beyond the usual poetic mind in the modern theatre. His work partakes of the Greek essence, though it presents not the exalted austerity of Æschylus nor the roundness and solidity of Sophocles but rather the softened and reflective mood of Euripides. Mr. Lee Simonson's extensive settings, thirteen pictures in all, do not, either in design or color or lighting, exhibit any great dramatic imagination, they add little but pleasant invention to the scenes, and in the latter half of the play it is they perhaps that help to widen the time space between the episodes, where the time element is most important if the dramatic current is to keep alive and pressing. But these settings have at least something of the arbitrary and

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conventionalized method of the drama itself and in this respect contrast sadly with the directing now and then. The first half of Juarez and Maximilian goes well enough, it is absorbing and full of thought; but the second half sinks slowly to mere dullness, partly through the directing, partly because the Theatre Guild has entrusted the part of the Princess Agnes Salm to Miss Margalo Gilmore who, in this English version at least, has wretched lines to say, and who can not touch at all the heights intended by the author —in the last act it is Princess Salm who must give us the shock and meaning of what the group on the stage are supposed to be looking down upon; she has the office of the messenger in a Greek tragedy, to the recitation of whose part, we must remember, the powers of the protagonist himself used often to be brought, in order that the event not seen but described might achieve its excitement and significance. But as with Goat Song the method of production needed for Juarez and Maximilian must remain an experiment, since the dramatist's method and characteristics are not in line with our usual theatre. Such completion of style is too much doubtless to ask of any one production. It is a fine thing to see a play like this of Werfel's, with its poetic frame and the virility of its concern with ideas and with subjects that dilate the scope of our theatre.

STARK YOUNG.

Lord Raingo

SINCE The Old Wives' Tale, we are promised, nothing Mr. Bennett has written so suggests . . . scope . . . vision . . . masterpiece . . . as Lord Raingo (Doran). Hard to believe, but let's see. Mr. Prohack, Riceyman Steps, most of his novels since the Clayhanger trilogy were no great shakes. They didn't pretend so to be, they seemed to have been dashed off for his own amusement. Add to Ancient Superstitions: an author can't be at his best when he's trying to amuse himself. He must have a Purpose. Mr. Bennett is notoriously without a Purpose. That's why he is so uncommonly readable. But what, may I ask, was the Purpose of The Old Wives' Tale? And yet we will all agree it was a great book.

Now for Lord Raingo, this alleged, very belated heir of former greatness.

p. 13—An omnivorous, all-gathering eye. It has power to sweep the most refractory trifles of scenery, furniture, human mood and speech, into a picture. It does not so much seem to choose, as to digest. Details, details, details, are fed into a hopper, and emerge a most obedient army of evidence highly germane to the matter in hand. Mr. Bennett has a "command over detail." More than that: he seems to possess chain stores of detail all over the country. There are no solid, and few liquid objects of greater than microscopic size which cannot serve him, cheerfully and well.

p. 44—Lord Raingo, a millionaire and capitalist of fifty-five, whose other vastly human traits readers had better discover for themselves, takes breakfast with the Prime Minister at Number 10 Downing Street, in 1918. It is not hard to guess the original of this portrait of a statesman, a portrait at once immensely diverting, ruthlessly complete, penetrating, careless, ironic, tolerant, infinitely damaging, somehow solidified with just the necessary dash of farce. Assuming every incident, every word here recorded to have no foundation in actual history, the impression is nevertheless amazingly true, for these are precisely the things that the coalition Premier would have said and done. When history is through with rummaging her archives, she will borrow the life mask from Mr. Bennett.

p. 116—Lord Raingo becomes Minister of Records in charge of propaganda, and along with this a peer of the realm. England in wartime—not at all the picture you might expect. No crowds, no contemporaneous solemnity. None of the terror, the seriousness, the inevitable movement of the French streets in The Old Wives' Tale. Rather the insides of things, the busy back-stairs vanities, the whirring of little wheels, the ridiculous intrigues, punctilios and jealousies, told with an hilarity at once satirical and life-like. The underlings at the ministry, Timmerson, Trumbull, Mayden, even the stenographer and the girl chauffeur receive in turn all of their creator's attention, no less full even when very brief. And what a destructive talent for getting into the smallest crannies of everything from a desk to a human mind.

p. 163—Tolstoy has given us an almost impossible mark to shoot at in Pierre Bezuhov's Masonic initiation. Mr. Bennett's account of Lord Raingo's ennoblement is something to shoot at also. Tolstoy is saying to himself much of the time, "How silly!" Mr. Bennet says, "How silly, but how very amusing!" His description is exceedingly good. If he were once in a while really angered at foolishness, would his description of it be better? Might it not, since he possesses some of the keenest and stoutest tools in the world, might it not even be great? I don't know. Sometimes I think he lacks only the bubbling of fundamental rage, of High Seriousness, whatever it is called; sometimes I think he is much better off without it. There is no better journalist than Mr. Bennett anywhere. The more journalism cares deeply about something, the nearer it comes to literature.

p. 164—Even if he doesn't care, he is thoroughly warm. And he knows that no nonsense is altogether nonsense or it wouldn't exist. Behind the robes there is a sound human reason; somewhere within the empty ceremonies there lies a last small kernel of value which makes the hollow hollower still.

p. 173—Adela, Lord Raingo's wife, has been killed in an accident. He never cared for her—Mr. Bennett I mean. She didn't amount to much, and though Mr. Bennett spent attention and sympathy on her, gave her speech and roundness, his creativeness and his irony are in this case a little perfunctory, and the act of her death is a little cool-blooded. It was not absolutely necessary to get rid of her in order to make room for Delphine, Lord Raingo's mistress. And notice what he did to Delphine.

p. 177—Geoffrey, Lord Raingo's son. There is too little of this young man. He is one of the best characters in the book, and easily the most independent. He does not belong to Mr. Bennett. Mr. Bennett watches and overhears him, but does not pull the strings as much as usual.

p. 239—Mr. Bennett has an understanding of human motives which is at once acute and breezy. The mechan-

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isms he understands best are those least admirable and nearest the surface: vanity, craft, jealousy, self-deception, discomfort, pride. He is not cynical about them, he does not "unmask" them, he can even make them lovable. He is far better acquainted with them than with love, hope, work, joy, grief, to which, quantitatively, he is unfair. To do justice to these, one should be capable of slopping over ever so little. It is entirely foreign to Mr. Bennett's nature to slop over. He is eternally cheerful-minded, and so to his treatment of joy and grief he cannot help bringing a certain brightness, a certain bustle.

p. 263—Lord Raingo is extraordinarily good in spots. But he doesn't add up. He diminishes rather than grows in spite of prolonged acquaintance. Probably because he is really the passive member, the human rack upon which so many excellent portraits are hung up like hats. These other people hedge him in, lessen him, infringe upon his personality. The gallery, after all, is more important, deep in Mr. Bennett's mind, than the protagonist. Also please observe that the later appearances of most of the characters are somewhat less sharply graven than their first. Look up, in critical dictionary, comment under words "longue haleine," "sustained," and "esprit de suite." This may have some connection with that absence of interior rage which I have noted.

p. 316—Delphine goes down with a crash. Lord Raingo's mysterious, pretty little mistress is dead. He reads about the body of an unidentified woman being found under a cliff, and knows it is she. In its fact this is a plausible and workable solution, but the way Mr. Bennett handles it kills Delphine doubly, as person and as character. The ripple of her death, which should have been so great a wave, invalidates all that had been built up before, and she is erased. Mr. Bennett seemed to like her and understand her so well. It was false: he never did care. Does he ever really care? There is a virtue in deep affection which can bite lastingly the characters' lineaments upon our mind as well as upon the page.

p. 355—Never has pneumonia been so exhaustively, accurately or lovingly described before in any literature. Mr. Bennett wallows and revels in the adhesions, temperatures, sputum, nightmares, vicissitudes, poisons, hopes and disappointments of acute lobar inflammation to the everlasting glory of literature. It is superb, it is an experience, it is a life in itself, one wishes one had the talent to catch and develop such a masterly case. There are pathetic touches in the picture, of course, skilful and restrained. They do not lessen Mr. Bennett's joy at being present at an engrossing phenomenon, nor his able delight in exploiting it. The life of a disease is greater game than the death of a character. Pneumonia is greater than Delphine, which statement may be taken to mark the gap between The Old Wives' Tale and Lord Raingo, and goes far toward explaining why Mr. Bennett is not as great a writer as he ought to be.

ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

May Catholics Teach School?

SIR: One phase of that spirit of intolerance which finds expression in the Klan I should like to see exposed in the New Republic. I refer to the boycott against Catholic teachers in the public schools. As one victim of this boycott explained it to me the other day, the Klan leaders say there is no use in attempting a boycott on Catholic merchants, but they can and will keep the pernicious influence of Catholic teachers out of the schools.

The unhappy superintendent may be sufficiently liberal, but he has troubles aplenty, and he knows that hiring a member of the noxious sect may start the war which will end in the loss of his position. Not feeling inclined to offer himself as a sacrifice in the battle against intolerance, he plays it safe by making sure that his appointments go to Protestants, or rather to non-Catholics.

Miss M—— graduated from Ohio University three years ago. She has a keen, alert mind, a delightful personality, vigorous health, a splendid and highly contagious enthusiasm. To a very unusual degree she has all the qualifications for a teacher of English or Physical Education. Her first position was in a small school. As she lacked experience, I thought nothing of that. Since that time, however, she has done everything possible to obtain a better position and has been turned back time and again solely because of her religion. Applications have been returned to her with merely the comment, "We do not employ Catholics."

She is not a religious fanatic; she is only loyal to the faith into which she was born. She is too much of a fighter to cast aside her religion for the sake of a job. I have tried to persuade her to accept a compromise and become a Hindu, but have been unsuccessful. I am sure the Klan would not object to Hindus. She goes back this year to a small mining community, where she did brilliant work last year. Proof of her value as a teacher may be found in the fact that she has swallowed her disappointment and goes back to this inferior school with undimmed enthusiasm. The boycott is a boon to the small school that is able to escape its application.

Such cases might be multiplied many times. Our bureau of appointments is baffled in attempting to place Catholics. The agencies report the same thing. I believe the situation is not confined to Ohio. Conditions are probably similar in other parts of the Middle West and in the South. I am informed that they are no better in the East. Here is an excellent opportunity for some champion of liberalism to take up the cudgels.

CLINTON N. MACKINNON.

Athens, O.

Modernism in Confusion

SIR: I am neither a Modernist nor a Fundamentalist, but I should like to say three things from the side of religious faith in answer to your interesting editorial, Modernism in Confusion.

1. Strictly speaking, science does not attempt to explain the universe in the way of accounting for causation. That is the work of philosophy and religion. Science observes facts and tells us how they are interrelated. Philosophy and religion tell us why things are as we find them. Philosophy is the result of human reasoning. Religion professes to give us the solution of life's riddles, as revealed by God. A recent thoughtful writer (E. G. Selwyn in the Approach to Christianity) has said: "Science should be prepared to recognize the good faith and intelligence of those who claim autonomy and above all validity for religious experience; while theology must be prepared to accept the empirical method to the utmost limit it will go and to see where it will lead."

2. Modern scientists seem to be drifting further and further away from the old-fashioned materialism of the nineteenth century. They are more inclined to acknowledge the limitations of science. The recent investigations in physics and chemistry in the

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field of radio-active substances, relativity, the atom and the electron have produced an enormous change in the scientific outlook. This is well expressed in the following quotation from a review of Science, Religion and Reality, in the London Times Literary Supplement of November 12, 1925:

> It has been apparent for some little time past that science is passing through a stage of readjustment to the other great world views, those of philosophy and religion. This readjustment is necessitated by the fact that the status of science is now radically different from what it was even twenty years ago. The change is, indeed, so radical that it could almost be called an abdication. It is not too much to say that philosophy and religion are once more restored as the only methods we have of investigating the essential nature of reality. The recent immense extension of physics seems to have revealed to us, once and for all, the limitations of science. The chief agent in this discovery has been science itself, but there has been much philosophical criticism, chiefly from scientific men, tending to the same result. The importance of the change cannot be overestimated. In particular, the incubus of materialistic philosophy has been definitely removed. The alien universe of the Victorian scientists, with its iron laws, need no longer have any terror for us; the universe is no longer so alien, and we are more responsible for its laws than we had supposed.

3. Professor Kirsopp Lake's alternative will not do. He holds that religion moves on the spiritual plane only, and relates to human hopes and aspirations, spiritual counsel and divine consolation, and therefore need have no connection with the fact world of science and history. This is to substitute values for truth-seeking, to retain spiritual qualities while denying the realities from which they spring. You can never convince men that it is only moral values that matter. To be a sufficient foundation for a good life a belief in moral values must be based on the rock of truth. It must be of such a nature that it can be taken as a proposition for the intellect, a scientific proposition dealing with real facts. The Christian religion claims to be based on historical facts. Either it is true that God did visit and redeem his people at a definite moment in human history, or it is not. If it is true, then tremendous moral values will emanate from this fact. If it is not true, we shall have to seek for consolation in science and philosophy.

SELDEN PEABODY DELANY.
Editor, American Church Monthly.

New York, N. Y.

[Like Mr. Delany, we do not profess either Modernism or Fundamentalism; and our recent editorial was not intended to give aid and comfort to reactionaries, or to discourage liberals, by pointing out the difficulties that confront all progressives in religion. We are disinclined to abandon truth for piety. But we are equally disinclined to accept assorted truths as a substitute for spiritual refreshment. The difficulty is how to avoid deceiving ourselves about what is true in our eagerness for salvation, and how to avoid spiritual bankruptcy in our eagerness for intellectual profit.

1. We agree with Mr. Delany that science can never tell us what we must do to be saved. The religious "truths" of orthodox religion have been provided, as he says, not by science but by "religious experience." But what, exactly, does religious experience tell us? Does religious experience tell us the facts of historical Christianity, the incarnation and atonement of Jesus? Whose religious experience tells this? We believe that the moment you mention "facts," you have put yourself in the hands of intellectual, i. e., scientific, criteria of truth. On this point we believe that Doctor Lake is right.

2. We are aware of the utterances of many contemporary scientists on this subject. We do not regard them as scientific truths, but as the natural expression of the religious interests of scientific men. Science is indeed limited. This does not mean that relativity resembles the Holy Ghost; and to imply anything of the sort is humbug, however eminent the author of such humbuggery may be.

3. We agree that Doctor Lake's alternatives will not do; precisely that was one of the points of our editorial. Sadly we concur in Mr. Delany's judgment, that religion and morality have always rested upon what men have believed to be the facts—sadly, because as we have already noted it is so very hard to know the facts about the Universe and its Creator and Redeemer.

This is the essence of the religious problem, as it is presented to intelligent progressives: how to get spiritual refreshment from the contemplation of the facts of matters concerning which we know only that we do not know. We submit that this problem cannot be solved by a church without a creed. We submit that it cannot be solved by a creed without a church upon the authority of which the creed is given ex cathedra. We submit further, in reply to Mr. Delany, that the retreat of religious mystics into the certainties of "religious experience" also leaves the religious problem quite unsolved—for all those who wish to remain intelligent progressives and to talk of reconciling their religion with their science.—THE EDITORS.]

The Method of Religious Inquiry

SIR: I have found so much fault with the New Republic's contributions to religious thinking in other days that I must congratulate you now upon Henry Nelson Wieman's article The Method of Religious Inquiry. It is one of the best I have seen in the New Republic in many a day, and might easily have found a place in equally liberal religious weeklies.

I question the divisions of the doctrine of God which Mr. Wieman posits. Of course, no one of the readers of the New Republic but will shudder at the traditional viewpoint; and yet that shudder may be just a bit dramatic, about as dramatic as Mr. Wieman's use of the word. Is it more than a gesture?

As for "edifying religion," I doubt if we can be as disinterested as some believe. Mr. Wieman is interested in the good, but most men desire the good-for-something: there need be here no separation.

Mr. Wieman evidently is interested in method, in experimentation. Most of us who handle these things are interested in the human product. We must have feeling toward the good or the God which Mr. Wieman finds. There must be another end than to have our method vindicated. We cannot stand outside ourselves to see the result of the experimentation. We must go along with the experiment with all our hopes and longings, joys and sorrows.

Mr. Wieman's study as a description of religious living is not new. He has after all given us a very old description of religious life done up in a new wrapper. He is good enough to speak of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. If he should examine the sources of his article, much more than the eleventh chapter of Hebrews would enter therein. He writes very much like a spiritual descendant of John Wesley.

CHARLES H. M. WHELAN.

Smethport, Pa.

The Silhouette Film

SIR: In Mr. Gilbert Seldes's article on the "abstract film" I note that he failed to mention Prince Achmed as another milestone in the art of the cinema. This German film was given in Paris last summer and was acclaimed by that intelligent portion of the French public which was bored by Relache and several others. As a matter of fact Relache is not worth mentioning seriously at all—it gave its audience a splitting headache and the consensus of opinion was that it was gaga.

Prince Achmed, with cut-out silhouettes instead of actors, gave us a foretaste of what the film, if it were deliberate and conscious of its possibilities, might attain. Of course actors will never be banished. In Caligari there was stylized acting in keeping with the theme; in Prince Achmed there are silhouettes which can be made to take the place of the stylized actor.

PIERRE LOVING.

Paris, France.

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Best American

John Wanamaker, by Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: Harper and Brothers. Two vols. 895 pages. $10.

MR. GIBBONS'S life of John Wanamaker is not a critical biography. It is the kind of record which the subject would wish to have written, and which people who like him will wish to read. It is nevertheless a work of good faith. Mr. Gibbons has honestly achieved the point of view of the man of whom he writes, and he never loses it. Where his hero's action becomes a subject of controversy he states the facts and the reasoning by which Wanamaker arrived at them. An occasion on which Wanamaker failed to attain the standards set for him by his friends was when as Postmaster General under Harrison he dispensed patronage for the good of the party. Mr. Gibbons says frankly: "Provided the privilege was not abused, there was nothing distasteful to him in the idea of the spoils belonging to the victors." Whether the system is possible without abuse Wanamaker did not inquire, nor does Mr. Gibbons. Again, Wanamaker was a pioneer in bringing big business into politics by the route of campaign funds. Mr. Gibbons summarizes his position that "it was right to ask business men in various parts of the country to provide 'the sinews of war' for a campaign on the ground that it is better to insure good times than to have to start to build them up again." The question, good times for whom? did not occur to Wanamaker, nor does Mr. Gibbons raise it. Once more, the biographer calmly quotes Wanamaker's message to General Alger on the outbreak of the Spanish war, that he was opposed to war "unless honorably unavoidable," and then relates his activity in raising a regiment of salesmen and floor walkers, after the analogy of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, to serve in the most honorably avoidable war of recent times. Finally Mr. Gibbons quotes Wanamaker's exuberant bunk on the Treaty of Versailles. "The twenty-eighth of June, for all time, will be spelled with stars the globe round. It marks a great patriotic deed, nobly done, which must now be woven into the warp and woof of the life of every true American." It was not necessary to nail the old merchant to this particular mast, but to find him in this characteristic pose helps us to know him better, and Mr. Gibbons does not flinch. It is true, the biographer is sure of sympathetic reading by the mass of Wanamaker's countrymen. Was it his duty to inform them how and where their hero and his failed in vision and went wrong, or merely give the facts and leave judgment to God? On the whole, we think Mr. Gibbons has done wisely to present Wanamaker in the perspective of his own time, of which he was conspicuously and typically a product, rather than confuse the picture by the refractions of criticism.

John Wanamaker was a good man in every sense which the term bore to his contemporaries and his countrymen; and his goodness bore a gratifyingly close relation to his success. He believed in all the best things in American life, and his success was undoubtedly due to the fact that he constantly showed his faith by his works. He believed in the God of the Bible, in the church, in the Sunday school and the Y. M. C. A., and he was the leading layman of his day of the Protestant faith. He believed in business, in its higher conception as service. At the outset of his career "the thought came to him—and it never left him as long as he lived—that he must study the customer and find out how merchandising could be made a public service." He believed in advertising as conscientious journalism, giving the news of his stores. When bad times came he met them by persuading people to buy more goods. He believed in invention and machinery, in the electric light, the elevator, the telephone, in Edison and Henry Ford. He believed in progress as a personal as well as social creed. "Throughout his life John Wanamaker always wanted 'the best' and to be identified with the biggest." He believed in temperance and did not drink. He believed in life insurance and for a time carried a larger amount than any other man. He believed in education, though perhaps like the elder Clissold in Mr. Wells's novel he thought its chief use was to enable people to read his advertisements. However, he served on the Philadelphia Board of Education. He believed in journalism, and his urge toward expression could not be restrained. "He found his greatest pleasure in creating reading matter." He believed in politics, especially in the Republican party. His zeal for this organization was what led him to oppose the rashness of President Harrison in the matter of civil service reform; but his zeal for his country led him to put civic righteousness above party and to sacrifice time, money and health in a futile fight to redeem Pennsylvania from Quay and Penrose. He believed in organization and administration. In the Post Office Department, he set afoot extensions and reforms some of which, like the rural free delivery and the parcels post, have been carried through; and some of which, like government ownership of the telegraph and telephone, are still remote. And it is set down to his credit that if he yielded to the spoilsmen he showed a firm front to the vested interests of the express and telegraph companies even when they attempted by way of reprisal to ruin him in business. He was a genial, cordial man, a good mixer. It was a joke when he was Postmaster General, that he could greet a caller, shaking hands with him and making him feel at home, while actually putting him beyond the door. But, on the other hand, he knew by name all of four thousand members of his Sunday school; and when applauded for a feat of memory he replied, "I'm interested in them—why shouldn't I know them?"

Wanamaker illustrated the American type of versatility; he made his success in business the gateway to all sorts of other interests. Of these, religion was most essentially characteristic of the man. He grew up among pious folk, and was destined for the ministry, but poverty intervened. All his life, however, he felt a kind of nostalgia for the pastorate, which he satisfied by setting up a Sunday school and three churches. He founded the Bethany Sunday School before he established his own business; it was there that he met his future wife; all his life it was his chief plaything. While he was Postmaster General he came from Washington each week to conduct its service. The year before he died he remarked that he had "put in seventy-five years of Sunday afternoons learning and speaking about the Bible, and that it never ceased to be the happiest event of the week." Undoubtedly, the great value of religion to Wanamaker was spiritual. His faith kept him buoyant and cheerful. When nearly overwhelmed in the panic of 1907 he refused to sell out, refused to haul down his flag. "He could not fail, because, as he wrote, 'I am going on day after day with a heart strong in the belief that the Heavenly Father has me in his keeping and will guide me and do for me what is best.'" Religion also took the place of æsthetic interest in Wanamaker's life. On this side he seems to have been peculiarly blind, finding most complete satisfaction in literature in Pollyanna, and in music in Ira D. Sankey's rendering of The Ninety and Nine. But it is characteristic of the man and the time that bread cast upon the waters of religion returned to him after many days through the chan-

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nels of trade. Mr. Gibbons notes that, if his Sunday school profited from his business success, "it is equally true that in his business development he was under constant obligation to contacts made through his religious work and especially to his Bethany training." A striking instance of this was in connection with the revival meetings held under Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Philadelphia in 1875-76. The gathering place was the old Pennsylvania freight station, which Wanamaker had just purchased for a store, to be opened with the Centennial Exhibition. The immense concourse drawn by the evangelists beat the tracks that led to the rather inaccessible Grand Depot. "His religious convictions were no deeper and no more openly displayed," says Mr. Gibbons, "than those of Philadelphians far more prominent than he in the business and public life of the city in the early 'seventies. What singled him out from the others was the part that he played in organizing and directing the revival, and the fact that the scene of the Moody and Sankey preaching and singing was to be Wanamaker's new store."

In the versatility with which Wanamaker made his business success an opportunity for other interests he naturally excites comparison with his fellow Pennsylvanian, Andrew Carnegie. Where Wanamaker's chief form of amateurism was religion, Carnegie's was culture. Where Wanamaker built churches and Sunday schools and entertained clergymen because he liked them, Carnegie built libraries, endowed professors and took John Morley and Matthew Arnold on coaching trips. One must believe that Wanamaker's interest was the more naïve and sincere. It is to be remembered, however, that Carnegie was his own biographer, while Wanamaker, in spite of his passion for "creating reading matter" had the good sense to leave his life alone—virgin soil for Mr. Herbert Adams Gibbons.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

When and If

Eugenics and Politics, by Ferdinand Canning Scott Schiller. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 220 pages. $2.50.

EUGENICS is not, as many laymen have supposed, the science of human breeding. As the Greek derivation of the word suggests, it is not the facts about birth but the art of better breeding. For various reasons the idea of breeding excellence into the human race has for fifty years or more exercised a quite uncanny charm over the imaginations of thinking men. No bit of social theory is complete without it. Only the other day, for example, Mr. Keynes paid his respects to the eugenical utopia in the midst of a technical article on the shortcomings of classical economics.

> The time has already come [he said] when each country needs a considered national policy about what size of population . . . is most expedient. And having settled this policy, we must take steps to carry it into operation. The time may arrive a little later when the community as a whole must pay attention to the innate quality as well as to the mere numbers of its future members.

This is a very fair statement of the conventional attitude toward eugenics. Generally speaking, we all believe in it; we all recognize its overwhelming importance; we all assume that steps will be taken. Says Mr. Schiller:

> The time is scarcely ripe for a systematic treatise on eugenics. It will be needed on that distant day when the question arises of putting into execution a well thought out scheme of eugenical reform: what is needed now is lighter literature to arouse interest in the subject, and a conviction of its vital import, and to prepare a receptive and appreciative audience for the biological expert if, and when, he descends from the Sinai of Science with the New Commandments which are to ensure our salvation by eugenics.

But are we really in any need for being aroused by eugenical Paul Reveres? Mr. Keynes expects that the time will arrive a little later when we shall need eugenics, which seems rather strange when we consider that by its very nature a breeding program is equally apropos to every age and level of civilization. Mr. Schiller awaits a latter day Moses, and is apparently unaware that in America at least the New Decalogue of Science has already appeared, attained the proportions of a best seller, and faded out as sweetly inconclusive as a cinema kiss.

As for our interest—what catch-word is more notorious? In this eugenics has profited by its association with evolution and with birth control. But while these associations have brought it into universal currency they cannot be said to have assisted much in the promulgation of the truth about good breeding. When it appeared that the human race is subject to a universal law of nature, red in tooth and claw, eugenics was held out as a refuge: we might escape from the rigors of natural selection by practicing intelligent, voluntary control of our own selection. When it appeared that birth control was an accomplished fact, eugenics was held out as a defense against the sin of race suicide: by voluntary control of procreation we might improve the quality while limiting the number of our offspring. Whether we have done so or can do so is another question. Controlling evolution, which is to say the cosmos, is a large order. Let us look first at the beam in our own eye. Who of us, when he is alone in his bed-chamber, can honestly say that he has practiced contraception for the qualitative good of the body politic?

Indeed, it is because eugenics is supposed to be a guide to us every time we pay a call with honorable intentions that it cannot possibly influence us at all. Mr. Schiller points out, as all eugenists do, that each and every public measure has its eugenical aspect. One of the earliest of these collected essays deals with the probable effect upon the quality of the British race of a change in the method of bestowing scholarships at Oxford. What this means is that eugenics is only another name for the whole problem of social betterment; and that is why its noisy existence is confined to books and platforms, for those are the only places where "whole problems" are ever met with. All the eugenists, and Mr. Schiller is one of them, are fond of upbraiding us with the stupidity of our haphazard spawning. Naturally we are ashamed of ourselves. But neither lamentations over our unregeneracy nor exhortations to do better are going to improve us much—"until," as we say, some one solves the problems of what to do. "Coming out for eugenics" may be a step in the right direction; but it is a rather puny stride, like resolving to be good.

These essays are empty because Mr. Schiller is far too keen a critic of the sciences to imagine for a minute that their formulas offer any basis "at present" for a program of universal betterment; therefore he has nothing to say. Surprisingly enough—for Mr. Schiller is usually one of the sprightliest of writers—they are dull because their author has been obliged to conceal our hideous impotence from

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himself beneath an erudite vocabulary. As a pricker of the All-in-One of metaphysics Mr. Schiller has long been the enfant terrible of his academic colleagues. Why has he missed this chance to prick the All-in-One of social theory?

C. E. AYRES.

Primitive Mind and Primitive Legalism

Crime and Custom in Savage Society, by Bronislaw Malinowski. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 132 pages. $2.

How Natives Think, by Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. Translated by Lilian A. Clare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 392 pages. $4.

THESE two books represent an extreme divergence of anthropological methodology in approach and conclusions. Professor Lévy-Bruhl, in his consideration of primitive mentality, utilizes a method which has been that of most of the scholars who have worked out large "systems" of primitive behavior—that is, he has combed the literature and from the statements of field-workers he has come to conclusions as to the particular nature of the primitive mind and its operation. Doctor Malinowski, on the other hand, is himself primarily a field-worker. He worked intensively with the natives of the Trobriand Islands for a number of years. And in his book he discusses only the material with which he is personally acquainted. Thus with his detailed knowledge, he is able to examine the tribe he knows so well in the light of the numerous theories concerning primitive jurisprudence which have been advanced, and comes to conclusions which constitute a refutation of Professor Lévy-Bruhl's method and findings. He establishes two points which stand out in contrast to the latter's work—first, that it is through intensive study that we can judge the validity of general theories, and second, that the workings of a primitive society and of the mind of the primitives who constitute it do not differ radically from those of our own.

The ethnographic material which Doctor Malinowski presents is interesting in the extreme. He wishes to show us actually how law and order work in a primitive community, what is crime and how it is punished. And he does it in his usual vivid fashion. No one who has read his admirable study of the ceremonio-economic system of the Trobriand Islanders as constituted in their kula ring can forget how the numerous aspects of this culture are intertwined and interrelated in it. Similarly he makes an impressive case for the manner in which law, bound up with all aspects of the culture, is a matter of social convenience and of reciprocity. We are shown how it is the fear of what one's fellows will say, and that of transgressing the standards which are commonly accepted as being right and proper, which tend to keep one in the straight and narrow path. This is particularly impressive because of the insistence of the earlier anthropologists on the iron-bound manner in which primitive society conducts its affairs, and theories as to the extent to which the savage is ruled by magic, by fear of the supernatural, and what not.

For Doctor Malinowski is interested quite as much in the man who breaks the law as the one who abides by it. And just as his whole first section is devoted to showing how the customs and laws are obeyed, so the second shows how people sometimes do, and sometimes do not "get away with" breaking them, and what happens to them when they are caught.

Of course, Doctor Malinowski is not the only anthropologist who has recognized the fact that primitive society is not rigidly bound in its conventions, although one would get that impression from reading his book. Doctor Lowie, whom he criticizes severely for general statements on this point, has published vast material on the Crow Indians which shows how important the rôle of the individual is in primitive society, while Doctor Radin's autobiography of a Winnebago Indian is a living example of how a man can fail to live up to the laws of his tribe. And while M. Mauss's recent paper on the rôle of reciprocity in obligations is quoted approvingly, it might be noted that a large part of M. Mauss's source material is obtained from Professor Boas's studies of the Indians of the northwest coast of North America. Again, it is a bit dangerous to generalize from one people, as Doctor Malinowski does. For while it may be true, for example, that moiety organization of society does arise in this fact of mutual obligation, what is to be done, if the theory is accepted, with tribes where the divisions are not two or an even number, but three or five? And while the importance of formal law is minimized as far as its function in "primitive society" is concerned, how can this be reconciled with conditions in Africa, where society is certainly primitive and where actual court procedure is of the first importance?

However, aside from these points, it is an excellent and stimulating little book. It is the more so in contrast to Professor Lévy-Bruhl's, a translation of a work originally published some years ago, with its insistence on a special kind of "prelogical" type of thinking indulged in by primitives, and a "mystical participation" which he claims is common only to them. In a word, Doctor Malinowski insists that savages are people like the rest of us, while Professor Lévy-Bruhl is inclined to deny it. I must confess that the honors, as far as these two works are concerned, at least, seem to me to lie with Doctor Malinowski.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS.

Some Poets and a Study of Rhythm

Poets and their Art, by Harriet Monroe. New York: The Macmillan Company. 301 pages. $2.50.

IT would be unjust to consider these essays of Miss Monroe's without keeping in mind that they were not written originally to make a book. They are articles turned out in the course of her busy and courageous editorship of Poetry. This explains their unevenness, the scantiness of some and the journalistic wordiness of others. But linked with the history of the magazine in which they first appeared, the sight of them now gathered together will quicken the memories of all who cherish American poetry. I am one of those who honor Miss Monroe for the vision which allowed her, fourteen years ago, to open a friendly door to unknown poets in this country—and for the constancy to keep it open ever since. Her understanding and enthusiasm have released splendid music from American lips which would otherwise have remained sealed. Writing critical articles has been the least aspect of her work as editor. It is for her discrimination, her skill and her adventurousness that we are all under obligation to her.

In the first part of this book she has collected articles on twenty or more contemporary American poets; then on eight poets of yesterday, from Chaucer and Langland to Whitman; and lastly on various miscellaneous topics.

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In discussing her contemporaries her virtues as an editor often interfere with her criticism. She has been for years a missionary among tribes who are suspicious of all poetry, and she cannot escape the attitude that beauty is something she has "to sell." In her chapter on Ezra Pound, for example, she quotes Sandburg's remark that Pound was "the best man writing poetry today," and adds, "the best man in the pugilistic sense of utter prowess, in not only writing poetry, but making it effective and powerful by ramming it down people's throats." That is nonsense. No one ever rammed a love of life down another's throat yet. It can be lured out by the example of creative living, but it can be neither whipped out nor stuffed in. Yet she can write a shrewd estimate of that other missionary, Amy Lowell, and in spite of her praise of the woman, realize as well as the next person that, in Amy Lowell's poetry, the essence of the matter was lacking. She puts her finger on the truth of John Gould Fletcher in a few pages, and gives Masters his bulky and ragged due. She writes inexcusably bad journalese about Wallace Stevens, and then gives us the best summary of H. D. that has been written. Her quotations are always made with discrimination.

After sympathetic essays on the older poets, Miss Monroe hides modestly in the back of her book two chapters on the rhythms of English verse, which I hope every lover of poetry, as well as poets themselves, will find. Poetry and prose are obviously based on rhythm, a succession of time-intervals depending on the time-values of syllables. Yet we have been content to talk of English poetry as if it were a tin-pan affair of accented and unaccented syllables. The system of notation we were taught for its analysis is so obviously inadequate that only schoolchildren and pedants waste their time trying to apply it. We are all aware that poetry must be related in some way to other living things. Miss Monroe places it where it belongs: beside music, and in harmony with the laws of rhythm which are common to atoms and solar systems. She discards those useless old pieces of lumber, the iambus, the trochee, the anapest and the rest of them, recognizes that English poetry is in either three-time or four-time, and that we can "analyze as many varieties of movement in each as there are in music." She adopts the musical notation, employing "quarter-notes and eighth-notes, and sometimes half-notes and sixteenth-notes; quarter-rests and eighth-rests, dots, ties and triplets—almost every device, in short, used by the musician for expressing time." The result is revelation. A revelation of their fundamental kinship in law and of the subtlety of variations within the same limits. Rests, speedings-up and nuances which we have been aware of without recognizing the fact take their place in the pattern. School-teachers have counted syllables and been baffled—for the mere number is unimportant, and poets have always recognized the act instinctively. It is the time-value of the syllable that counts: and Miss Monroe shows that one or two syllables, frequently with a rest, in one bar may be the equivalent of four in another. Of course we are not all going to spend our time drawing quarter-notes and eighth-notes over each line of poetry we read any more than we actually make the little flat lines and scoops we were taught in school. But having once grasped the principles on which Miss Monroe proceeds, and applied them experimentally to a few poems until the old notions of accent were out of my head, I for one have found my sense of the texture of English poetry heightened in intensity and subtlety. And that heightening is, after all, the object of any study of the laws of art.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

Brillat-Savarin, Epicure

The Physiology of Taste, by Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin. New York: Boni and Liveright. 360 pages. $3.50.

JEAN ANTHELME BRILLAT-SAVARIN died in 1826, having attained the ripe age of seventy-one years. Thus, the publication of The Physiology of Taste—representing the work of a lifetime—marks the hundredth anniversary of the death of the greatest commentator on gastronomy that ever lived. This rare volume, which has long been out of print in English, makes its appearance in America at a most opportune time, a time when the appreciation of taste is decidedly a minus quality. A nation suffering from the evils of standardization, we have shown of late little or no interest in the pleasures of the table. Restaurateurs have taken advantage of the fact that we are accustomed to partake of whatever is set before us; consequently, they make no attempt to tickle the palate of the diner. There was a time when each café specialized in certain dishes for which it became famous; today, however, their efforts seem to lie in the opposite direction: they are all apparently endeavoring to be as much like each other as they possibly can.

One remedy that suggests itself would be the enforcement of an enactment making it compulsory for every restaurant owner to read and digest thoroughly Brillat-Savarin's Meditations on Transcendental Gastronomy, as his monumental work is so aptly subtitled. Certain it is that they would profit exceedingly by the experience. Likewise, it should have a permanent place in every home throughout the land, not one whit less important than the family Bible. Under such circumstances we might expect a noticeable improvement in our cuisine.

Brillat-Savarin was born in 1755, at Belley in the Ain, a cousin of the beautiful Madame de Récamier. Quite successful in a legal career, he became Mayor of Belley in 1793. After a sojourn in Switzerland he came to America where he is said to have taught French and played the violin in the orchestra of a small New York theatre. On his return to France he was made a counselor of the Court of Cassation, in which office he remained for the rest of his life: it was during these years that he amassed the material for his book which was released to the press only shortly before his death.

To Brillat-Savarin eating was not to be regarded lightly —far from it—but, on the contrary, with the utmost seriousness. He made it the all-important thing in his life. In all fairness, it should be observed that he never married, no doubt an extremely fortunate thing, too, for difficult would be the lot of the woman presiding over his kitchen. But, then, one wonders if the great epicure would allow a mere woman to prepare the dainties for his fastidious palate. Yet, he declares that women, even those of highest rank, "occupied themselves in their own houses with the preparation of food, on which they looked as part of the duties of hospitality." He continues:

> Being thoroughly certain that the French ladies took always more or less an interest in what was going on in their kitchens, we may safely conclude that to their intervention is due that indisputable preëminence French cookery has always enjoyed in Europe, and which it has principally acquired by an immense quantity of delicate, light and tasty preparations, of which women alone could have conceived the idea.

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In some thirty Meditations he discusses taste, appetites, foods in general, gourmands, the history of cookery, restaurants of his day, and many other subjects associated with the art of dining. He is wise and witty throughout, particularly delightful in his many anecdotes. His book is the sort that can be picked up at random, the reader being sure to find some new passage of rich entertainment that passed unnoticed before. His definition of a restaurant-keeper, "a man whose business consists in offering to the public a banquet always ready," makes one smile, for the diner in our restaurants generally sits down to quite the opposite of a banquet. He points out that "the establishment of restaurants was of great importance for the foundation of gastronomic science." For, he says, as soon as experience showed that a well prepared dish could make the fortune of its inventor, "self-interest, acting as a powerful motive, kindled every imagination, and set all the cooks to work."

Of Brillat-Savarin's many aphorisms, perhaps the most famous is "the discovery of a new dish is more beneficial to humanity than the discovery of a new star." In an amusing preface to the volume, Frank Crowninshield observes that "this culinary and cultural dégringolade of ours might have been checked" had George Washington included Brillat-Savarin in his cabinet as our first Secretary of the Interior, for the Frenchman was residing in New York when Washington took the oath of office for his second term as President.

THURSTON MACAULEY.

More Truth Than Poetry

Chevrons, by Leonard H. Nason. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

Labels, by A. Hamilton Gibbs. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.

THERE are two kinds of war fiction, and they are as closely related to each other as mustard gas and tin soldiers. The one is typified by Three Soldiers, Impromptu, and Latzko's Men in War, the other extreme is forever exemplified to my mind by the books I read in school, With Dewey at Manila and With the Rough Riders Up San Juan Hill. The life and death of Mr. Laurence Stallings as a writer of realistic prose is an epitome of contemporary American metabolism of the War—we had Plumes, which was an accurate and carefully documented account of the wounded soldier's return, we had the considerably superior artistic achievement of What Price Glory, already highly touched with romantic lights, and finally we have The Big Parade, the soppiest and most sentimental of veteran's romances, precisely the sort of thing the hero of Plumes despairingly protests he is never going to commit. America is in for a series of old soldiers' reminiscences, until finally we have grown a generation that knows war only through such rose-tinted spectacles, and are ready for another war again.

In such a scale reading from left to right, Chevrons comes somewhere between Plumes and Three Soldiers on the one hand, and What Price Glory on the other. Of all the war fiction I have read, foreign as well as domestic, it is the most complete, the most photographic, the most unpartisan. Three Soldiers had an axe to grind—Chevrons has none, except an ambition to transcribe a literal record of the army experience. But the point of view of a novel depends upon what selection of experience is made, and Chevrons is cheerful, rabelaisian, humorous, as well as ghastly in spots, because it is the story of a non-commissioned officer, whereas Three Soldiers and Impromptu, with their perpetual grievance, were the stories of privates.

But although it preserves a more accurate record of army customs, army terms and army slang, Chevrons is not nearly so good a novel as these other two. It is more truthful, it is better journalism, it is not at all a bad book, but it lacks the swing and rhythm of really distinguished prose, the heightening and the shading, the adjustment of matter and form, that gives good prose all the quality of good poetry. Chevrons will be cherished by every ex-member of the A. E. F., but it does not set any new standards for American fiction to shoot at.

Labels is the conscientious commonplace story of a commonplace conscientious objector, and his reception by the various members of his family upon his return from jail. It preaches the now familiar sermon that hatred, either for the enemy or for the C. O., flourished more in the breasts of the stay-at-homes than of those who actually bore the fighting. The fact that Mr. Gibbs's morals are good, and that he is on the side of the angels in this argument, will not keep his book from being a best seller, nor save it from its abject and pervasive mediocrity.

ROBERT WOLF.

The Life of St. Paul

The Life of Saint Paul: The Man and the Apostle, by F. J. Foakes-Jackson. New York: Boni and Liveright. 293 pages. $3.50.

THIS story of Paul's life is charmingly written. Avoiding as far as possible digressions into the arena of learned debate on disputed matters, the author would portray for the unprofessional reader a vivid picture of Paul and his companions in action. Even the apostle's portrait is reproduced from a drawing in the catacomb of Domitilla at Rome, and we are told that possibly an old apocryphal legend is correct in depicting the man as short, bandy-legged, of healthy appearance, inclined to be red-haired, with eyebrows meeting each other and of gracious appearance.

Professor Foakes-Jackson's method is that usually denominated literary-historical. He weaves his own interpretation of his hero into the web of tradition preserved in Paul's letters and the Book of Acts. The biblical documents are usually, though not always, accepted at their face value. Little or no effort is made to reconstruct the milieu within which the ancient actors moved. This omission is the book's chief defect. But the procedure is deliberate, and is justified on the plea that the public might find discussion of these more recent aspects of Pauline research tedious. In this judgment we cannot concur. The interest of the book would have been immensely heightened had the work of Paul and his fellow-laborers been linked more vitally with the gentile religious society of their time. Twenty-five years ago one might with impunity have written a book on Paul without discussing the possibility of influence from the contemporary mystery religions upon Pauline Christianity. But today that issue is one of too general concern to be ignored, especially in a volume that so generously accords to Paul the credit for transforming the new movement from a small Jewish sect into a universal world religion. Men who are not vitally sensitive to their environing world do not become a power in its history.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE.

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Up at a Villa—Down in the City

The Freedom of the City, by Charles Downing Lay. New York: Duffield and Company. 115 pages. $1.

A Bucolic Attitude, by Walter Pritchard Eaton. New York: Duffield and Company. 74 pages. $1.

THESE two books represent a contrast of moods, not a contrast of ideas: the ideas are negligible. Mr. Lay's book purports to be a defense of the city: it is really a defense of congestion, which Mr. Lay, like a good megalopolitan, takes to be synonymous with city life. Most people content themselves with saying that, in spite of its numerous defects, the overgrown city contains certain things that are indispensable to culture and the good life; in the present state of our civilization this defense is sound. Mr. Lay is fortunate enough to be able to enjoy not merely the virtues of the big city, but its defects: he has achieved that happy physiological adjustment in which subway rides become enjoyable, higher taxes a delightful luxury and lack of sunlight and fresh air and a decent environment for children a boon. He has written a pæan to congestion; and he looks forward with buoyant hope not merely to higher cities, but to a continuous expanse of them over all the available countryside. Mr. Lay's "facts" and enthusiasms will convince nobody who had not already achieved Mr. Lay's happy state of anæsthesia. If anything could make the continued growth of the big city ridiculous, this defense of it would. As for Mr. Eaton, he has written a charming book, telling us about the charming life of a dramatic critic who has retired to the country; it is not the sort of defense of rural life that Mr. Liberty Hyde Bailey would make; and if it is an antidote to Mr. Lay's book, it is so only by recalling the essential human desires and joys which most of us still respond to, and, when we have the means, seek to establish in suburban homes or country estates. Neither book bears seriously on the problem of the city and countryside.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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